

# The TATLER

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April 28, 1937



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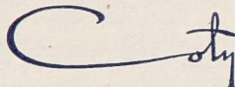
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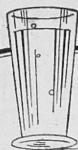
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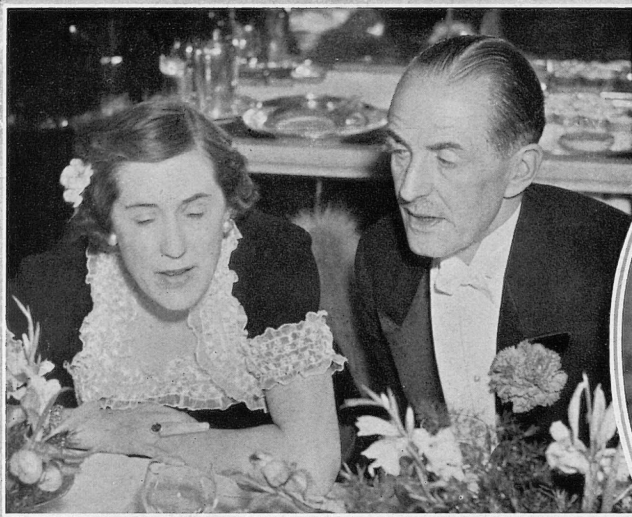
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## H.R.H. THE DUKE OF KENT AND PRINCE EDWARD

This noteworthy addition to our Royal portrait gallery is a quite new photograph. Prince Edward, now eighteen months old and full of character, has many admirers, among them being his father who already finds him a most entertaining companion. Prince Edward went with his parents to Windsor Castle last week, to attend Princess Elizabeth's birthday party, which he enjoyed to the full. Princess Alexandra, though invited, was not considered quite old enough for such celebrations



AT BART'S CORONATION BALL: THE MARCHIONESS OF CAMBRIDGE AND SIR H. DELVES BROUGHTON

St. Bartholomew's Hospital Coronation Ball was held with very marked success, financial and otherwise, at the Dorchester last week, and Mr. Leslie Henson's admirably arranged cabaret helped along the general jollity enormously. Lady Cambridge and that very well-known racing owner, Sir H. Delves Broughton, were amongst the huge crowd of people received by the Duchess of Marlborough, the President of the Ball Committee, and Lady Evelyn Beauchamp, the Chairman

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THE greatest city in the world and the one for whom hearts and minds long when they are far away. The lights of Piccadilly, the fountains in Trafalgar Square, the sunshine down St. James'—for thousands they mean home, security and happiness. London, the wealthy, the tremendous, is also London, the dearest and most desirable. And are we proud of her? We are.

For weeks past we have been anticipating "The Season," and now that it has started in earnest most people seem, if anything, to have been caught unprepared!

That, at any rate, is the impression I've gathered from chaperons who have suddenly found themselves confronted with the task of chaperoning daughters on five nights a week for the next two months; from those kind-hearted people who promised to buy tickets and to help every good cause; and from those who have found themselves engaged for half a dozen functions on most nights of the week.

The parties given by the King and Queen at Windsor Castle are a good illustration of what is rapidly becoming extinct—leisured and dignified entertaining.

Guests arrive there before dinner, meet their Royal hosts as inform-



BOMBAY'S NEW GOVERNOR AND MRS. LAWRENCE ROGER LUMLEY

Mr. Lumley succeeds Lord Brabourne in Bombay, his Lordship having been recently appointed to Bengal. Mr. Lawrence Roger Lumley, who is the sitting member for York at the moment, is a nephew and heir-presumptive of the Earl of Scarborough, and a son of the late Brigadier-General the Hon. Osbert Lumley. The new Governor served with the 11th Hussars during the war and later was private Parliamentary Secretary to various Ministers

## PANORAMA



THE HON. MRS. REGGIE FELLOWES: A COVENT GARDEN SNAPSHOT

The former Princess Jean de Broglie, who married Lord de Ramsey's uncle in 1929, was wearing an attractive pearl decoration on her ear the night that the audience which assembled to hear *Ariane et Barbe Bleue* were kept waiting three-quarters of an hour owing to poor Mme. Germaine Lubin being indisposed. Mme. Lubin sings the part of the French Bluebeard's principal wife, and she carried on very bravely when she did finally appear. Nose-bleeding was the trouble

ally as you can meet a King and Queen, spend a pleasant evening, and then, instead of having to drive up to London round and about midnight, stay at the Castle and leave again the next morning.

This dine-and-sleep hospitality has been immensely appreciated by, among others, Mr. Duff-Cooper and his lovely wife Lady Diana, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and his daughter Ishbel, and Sir Eric and Lady Phipps. The former is the newly-appointed British Ambassador to Paris, who succeeds Sir George Clerk, and who, as a relaxation from diplomatic duties, recently went off alone in a small yacht cruising in the Mediterranean.

First night of the Grand Opera season in Coronation Year at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, has come and gone. Everyone expected it to be dramatic, brilliant, scintillating. Actually, it fell a little below expectations. There was, to me, also an impression of "old" age about the audience, and I wondered if opera was an "acquired taste"

with years, or if the modern young found it a little slow and solemn.

For some reason a part of the audience expected that the King and Queen would be present. The wish this time was father to the thought, for nothing had been said to give rise to the rumour.

However, those devoted music lovers, Princess Helena Victoria and Princess Marie Louise, were both in the Royal box. As I said last week, the Princesses are genuinely musical, and they came again the next night to hear *Ariane et Barbe Bleue*.

The Chester Beattys were in a box almost next door on the opening night, Mrs. Chester Beatty in a tiara almost if not quite as imposing as the one worn by the Sultana of Johore, and that is saying a great deal.

The Sultana, in a white and silver dress, wore a diamond tiara that towered above her forehead.

All the evening I looked round for Mary Lady Howe. One always expects to see her at Covent Garden first nights. However, compensation was present in the shape of Grace Lady Curzon of Kedleston, who was in Lady Cunard's large party, which included the Belgian Ambassador, Madame Regis de Oliveira, Lord Ivor Spencer-Churchill, and Lady Oxford.

*Otello* pleased those of us who like its tuneful melodies—more conservative opera lovers regretted new scenery, others complained that the action was slow, or wished that something more classical

eyes summed up the frocks and jewels—enjoying Lady Dalrymple Chapman's tiara, Lady Ludlow's pearls and the Duchess of Marl-



THE DUCHESS OF KENT IN THE EAST END

H.R.H. with the Lord Mayor of London on the occasion of the Duke and Duchess of Kent's visit to the People's Palace to attend the second of the Robert Mayer Coronation Concerts for children. This concert took place on Wednesday morning. In the afternoon the Duke and Duchess motored to Windsor Castle for Princess Elizabeth's birthday party, and in the evening T.R.H. were present at the charity premiere of *Our Fighting Navy*. A busy day

borough's cape of monkey fur, which is more striking than lovely. None of them missed Lady Maureen Noel's pocket Venus good looks, the diamonds that sparkled in Lady Cunard's ice blue dress, or the daisy-chain necklace worn by Lady Elizabeth Paget.

Every seat was filled, mostly by seasoned opera-goers.

New faces were few and far between. Yes, I'm afraid a love of opera only develops when youthful amusements like dances and débutante parties have begun to lose their attraction!

A BIRTHDAY PRESENT FOR HERR HITLER

The Führer was 48 last week, and his birthday was celebrated all over Germany. Dr. Goebbels, Minister for Propaganda, was among the many who offered personal good wishes and is seen here (right) laughing with Herr Hitler over one of his numerous presents. These included, we are told, two giraffes, twenty cradles, baby clothes, several pairs of stockings and a lavish supply of flowers

had been chosen!

Musical appreciation makes one hungry as well as thirsty—upstairs in the foyer the crowd, pressed shoulder to shoulder, hoped (some without result) to get a sandwich or a drink. On the stairs appreciating feminine

Starting the week with Italian opera we went on to French the next evening. Many of the audience were guests at the party given at the French Embassy by M. Corbin, and they found, as usual, a perfectly chosen meal prepared for their benefit. The Ambassador himself had been at Covent Garden, where also, appropriately, were Sir Eric and Lady Phipps.

Both Princess Helena Victoria and Princess Marie Louise were at the Embassy party, and Diplomacy was well represented, as was Fashion, notably in the person of Mrs. Reggie Fellowes. She is always the personification of "chic," and that night her exquisite figure was shown to its best advantage in black organza, but her head aroused even more feminine interest than her frock. Oblivious to the fact that most women now are wearing curls, Mrs. Fellowes' hair was as immaculate as that of a dandy with a real Eton crop.

Hostesses who give their names and devote their energies to good causes had their time well occupied last week.

The Duchess of Marlborough came to Bart's Ball when the Dorchester ballroom, large as it is, was scarcely large enough for all those who bought tickets.

The Duchess, the lucky owner of lovely jewels, wore some huge emeralds with her cream-coloured dress. Lady

(Continued overleaf)



H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ROYAL: WITH HER, LT.-COL. E. H. M. DE STACPOOLE, 1ST BATTN. ROYAL SCOTS, AT CATTERICK

Her Royal Highness is Colonel-in-Chief of the senior regiment of the line, and is seen with the O.C. 1st Battalion on her way to the inspection. The 2nd Battalion of the famous 1st Foot is serving in India at Lahore. The regiment celebrated its tercentenary in 1933 when the 1st Battalion was at Aldershot. An autographed message from the Princess Royal was read out on parade, at which the colour was trooped

## PANORAMA

—continued

Plymouth, whose own special cause is the Headingham Home for Little Boys—and friends know the amount of time and enthusiasm she devotes to it—came to "help" the Duchess, and looked remarkably well in a red and gold patterned frock. Lady Cambridge, too, is one of the kind-hearted brigade who find time to spare from their own amusements and occupations for others less fortunate than themselves. She looked very smart in a black frock with white frills trimming the bodice and gardenias tucked into her hair at the back.

A film première, not this time for charity, drew a large crowd to the Tivoli for *Lost Horizon*. The audience was spell-bound by Capra's brilliant portrayal of James Hilton's fascinating book. The Duchess of Westminster, who to see it missed the first night of the opera, looked most attractive in white satin with a very few discreet but perfect diamonds as jewels. Lord Birkenhead and his wife sat a row behind that popular and happy couple the Weymouths. Of course, Margaret Sweeny was there—no première would be complete without her.

An entrancing profile on my right belonged to Elsa Lancaster, who was sitting with her husband, Charles Laughton. There is so much character in the shape of her head and such personality in the tilt of her little nose that she makes every other woman seem ordinary and insipid by contrast. It seems to me that she has yet to find a rôle worthy of her talent.

There was, that night, no doubt that Ronald Colman had found his, for as Robert Conway he gives the performance of his career. But what an opportunity and what a story!

Exclusive hostesses are few and far between these democratic days, but there are some left, and chief among them is Lady Derby.

One does not read much of any entertaining that takes place at Derby House, for its owners have no sympathy with the modern tendency to publicise every and any kind of party. The legend persists, although I've never seen any proof of it myself, that a notice once hung in the hall of Derby House to the effect that in no circumstances was any information ever to be given to the Press! Nor were any reporters to be admitted. Knowing Lord Derby's kind heart this sounds improbable, and the dance given by the Derbys for their eldest grandson, who is Lord and Lady Stanley's eldest boy, has been so much talked about that news of it has inevitably leaked out.

Originally the host and hostess intended it to be a small party. But the younger members of the Stanley



THEIR EXCELLENCIES LORD AND LADY WAKEHURST AND THEIR STAFF

Sydney gave the new Governor-General of New South Wales and Lady Wakehurst (*née* Tennant) a great welcome early this month when they arrived from England, with three young sons, to take up their official duties at Government House. The members of their staff, shown in this photograph, are, from left: Captain K. O. Harding, H.E.'s Private Secretary, and the A.D.C.s, Mr. Blake Polly and Mr. A. L. Lawrence, Coldstream Guards. Before succeeding to the title on the death of his father, Lord Wakehurst, as Captain the Hon. John Loder, was M.P. for Lewes



AT THE CORONATION BALL

The Hon. Mrs. Leslie Gamage, who organised the Ball in aid of the Infants' Hospital, and her sister, the Hon. Mrs. Rose, at the Albert Hall

(More pictures of this event in next week's issue)

family have many friends, and as the host and hostess did not confine their invitations to young people only the dance grew until the guests were numerous enough to fill the big ball-room.

Any type of entertaining at Derby House is always perfectly "done," and this party was no exception. Apart from the buffet in one of the panelled rooms adjoining the ball-room there was a supper that gourmets will remember for weeks.

Quite a few tiaras made their appearance, and the largest and most imposing was the one on the Duchess of Northumberland's fair hair.

Lady Stanley brought a party, and Lady Maureen Stanley, the clever, attractive wife of the younger son of the house, the Hon. Oliver Stanley, was also a dinner hostess.

It was bad luck that at this most brilliant party, not only of the week but of the month, Lady Jersey, Mrs. James Field, and Lady Knollys should all have hit on similar frocks—black tulle with gold-spangled embroidery—but that is the sort of contretemps which, luckily, the modern woman takes philosophically these days. Lady Edward Hay's pink and blue chiffon dress was duplicated, too, but Lady Edward looked very lovely, so why should she worry!

The Duchess of Sutherland was talking of the dance she will be giving a little later on in the season. There is just a possibility that her niece, Elizabeth Leveson-Gower, may be at the party, although she will not make her formal début until next year, and is still abroad.

Lady Louis Mountbatten and Lady Brecknock, both in blue, were also at this dance.

\* \* \*

That untiring musical party host, Baron Franckenstein, chose the night following the dance at Derby House for a musical evening at the Legation in Belgrave Square. I mentioned it last week and so will confine my remarks simply to saying that it was, as usual, perfectly done and that an appreciative audience of music lovers came to listen to Dr. Baumgartner and the members of the Salzburg Mozart Orchestra.

The same night was chosen by the Countess of Winchelsea and Mrs. Ormond Lawson-Johnston for the charity first night of the film *Our Fighting Navy*.

In this extremely exciting picture a British cruiser triumphs against apparently overwhelming odds, blows up an enemy ship and brings a romance to a happy ending.

We cheered our ships and almost so far forgot ourselves as to hiss the villains.

The Duke and Duchess of Kent left the Plaza smiling. No wonder, for as a result of the film St. George's Hospital Building Fund benefits by £3,400.

## THE YORK AND AINSTY HUNT 'CHASES



MR. N. A. COURAGE, WINNER OF THE 15th/19th HUSSARS' RACE



CAPTAIN BILLIE PALMES AND LADY CHESTERFIELD



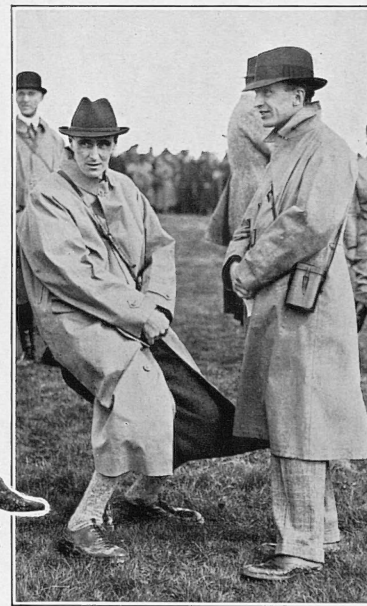
MISS A. M. EVERITT (ON TELL NELL) WINNER OF THE LADIES' RACE



MR. MAUGHAN (FROM THE BEDALE) AND LADY MOUNTGARRET IN THE PADDOCK



MRS. LEAF AND HER SON AND MRS. RICHARD AGNEW



Photos: Howard Barrett  
THE YORK AND AINSTY M.F.H.s: LORD MOUNTGARRET (NORTH) AND MR GEOFFREY SMITH (SOUTH)

In recording the happenings of any outdoor event of recent occurrence it is a sheer waste of good time to say that it happened in inferior weather. The York and Ainsty people made no bones about how things were at Easingwold and said "bad." The Holderness, Sinnington and Derwent meetings had to be scrapped, and this comes immediately on top of the Woodland Pytchley Hunt 'Chases having to be abandoned and all the net practice at the cricket centres being held up. In spite of the Yorkshire mud they had fairly good fields at Easingwold, and in the Adjacent Hunts Maiden Race sixteen faced up to it. and Mr. R. Sinclair's Clubhouse, ridden by Mr. S. Charlton, won it by eight lengths. The 15th/19th Hussars, who are at York, ran their Subalterns' Race. and it was won by Mr. N. A. Courage on his own Flying Slave. The winning jockey is the son of the Colonel of the regiment, Brigadier-General A. Courage better known to most as "Giles," a former 15th Hussar, ex-Joint-Master of the Bicester, and in his day a very good man between the flags and No. 1 of the 15th's polo team. Mrs. Richard Agnew, Mr. Courage's sister, is seen in the group with Mrs. Leaf. Flying Slave had already won at the Middleton and Badsworth meetings. Another noteworthy win was that of the all-conquering Miss A. M. Everitt in the Ladies' Race. She got home by a short head on her own Tell Nell from Mr. W. L. Wright's Black Hen, ridden by Miss P. Hanson. Captain Billie Palmes, who is with Lady Chesterfield, was formerly a unit of a very famous 10th Hussar polo team. The York and Ainsty Masters complete a very comprehensive picture, who, like most others, have had a most trying hunting season



ELEANOR FAYRE AND STANLEY HOLLOWAY IN  
"SONG OF THE FORGE"

This picture has just been completed at Butcher's film studio at Cricklewood, and Eleanor Fayre, a talented young newcomer to the films, has the strong assistance of this famous comedian in the leading male rôle. The film was originally called *The Blacksmith* and is based on a story of the English countryside written by J. D. Lewin. Stanley Holloway has a good dramatic part as the blacksmith

AT the film luncheon to Mr. Frank Capra who, I then learned, had produced *Lost Horizon*, the Tivoli's new picture, my old friend and colleague, Mr. Hannen Swaffer, was in the most terrific form. I always think of Swaffer as an actor who has strayed into journalism. Anyway, it is undeniable that he stages a magnificent, imposing and hilarious figure, like that of some unreverend archbishop or ascetic-on-leave. The business of all Hollywood producers is to keep people from seeing the wood for the trees, and Swaff, neatly turned the tables by telling Mr. Capra that if in his Coronation airings he ventured into the Park he would be unable to see the trees for the wood! I should hate to have been in Swaff's place because my views on producers are, to say the least of it, peculiar. In the theatre I have long regarded them as a pretentious nuisance. The great actors of the past needed no producing, and I should just like to have seen what happened to the producer who told Sarah to stop screaming or Mrs. Kendal to speak up. But in the film world it is doubtless different. Actors and actresses proper are people of talent and sometimes genius. Film actors are actors who can fill dressing-gowns nicely, and the last word was said about film actresses by the critic who declared that they had not enough brains to be barmaids. "They might bring you the correct drink or the correct change, but not both!" Of course, the films need a producer! It needs somebody to decide which of the leading man's profiles to use, to tell the leading actress to stop smiling when the script says her husband has been run over and her baby mangled, to tell the camera-man where to put his box, and when to start turning the handle, and when to stop. Yes, the film producer is a very important person!

It is an enormous pity that producers have so much money to spend, because a large proportion is necessarily thrown away. Since part of *Lost Horizon* takes place in Tibet, Hollywood conceived the extraordinary notion that natives must be used who could be mistaken for Tibetans. Mexicans, Hawaiians, Philipinos were interviewed "by the hundreds" before being rejected. - This is so like Hollywood. Any non-Hollywood producer would merely send for a book of national types. He would then decide whether a Chinaman would do. He might conceivably send for one Chinaman before rejecting the type. But to send for hundreds is nonsense. "Finally," we read in the film's accompanying brochure, "the Columbia casters' search led to the Pala Reservation of

# THE CINEMA

"Lost Horizon"

By JAMES AGATE

Mission Indians at Oceanside, California, and the sudden realisation that American Indians of certain tribes looked and acted as much like Tibetans as the Tibetans themselves. So, weeks in advance of actual shooting, native atmosphere players were selected from the Indians of California, Arizona and New Mexico to populate the elaborate Tibetan village in the beautiful Valley of the Blue Moon." I did not read my programme until after I had seen the film. But the moment I cocked an eye at the natives I knew that they were Red Indians. So what's the odds? I should have known if they were Mexicans, Hawaiians, or Philipinos, and again it wouldn't have mattered. The whole art of acting is the game of Let's Pretend. I can understand a producer who says: "No Tibetans, no picture!" And I can understand the artist-producer who says to somebody in shirt-sleeves: "Shove those niggers on and tell them to act like Tibetans!" But to go to enormous expense and travel to import people who are not Tibetans and don't look it seems to me to be insane. Hear the brochure again: "Horses to represent the shaggy, short, mongrel-bred equines of the Tibetan plateau land were assembled from Indian ponies on the reservations. Highlander cows were obtained to replace the native yaks that take the place of cows in Tibet, and real Tibetan terriers were imported from China to represent the dog population. With native blacksmiths, pottery makers, weavers and other artisans of the mysterious land at work on their strange, crude machinery, and native women and children dressed in their clothes, wearing head-dresses of one hundred and eight braids of hair, the picture presented in *Lost Horizon* is the first complete and accurate one of life in Tibet ever to reach the screen." But does anybody really want an accurate picture? Would one braid short of the one hundred and eight braids of hair have incommoded anybody? I only remember one yak in the picture, and should not have been in the least upset if it had been any kind of shaggy American cow with papier-mâché horns. All this enormous expense was incurred merely to provide a Tibetan village of the kind which does not exist in Tibet! At least, I do not think that even Mr. James Hilton, who wrote the novel, intended his Tibetan village to look like a bit of the Wembley Exhibition. Then, if there is this craze for accuracy, why should it be midwinter, with howling snowstorms at one spot, while within five minutes' walk small Tibetan maidens are plunging naked into sunlit pools and larger maidens are wearing sprigged muslin and no hats? And will somebody please tell me how they got the grand piano along a footpath on which only one person can walk at a time with rope and pickaxe and with a sheer drop of three thousand feet or so? In my view, nearly all the money spent on this part of the picture has been mis-spent. A good deal has been wasted, too, on making the Shangri-La Monastery look like the country house of a Florenz Ziegfeld or the Beverley Hills apartment of any film nitwit. On the other hand, full value has been got out of every ha'penny, and there must have been a good many of them, spent on the terrifying scenes on the mountain-side. These are truly awe-inspiring, and towards the end of the film I found myself being worked up into a state of genuine excitement. There is one superb piece of acting in the film, that of H. B. Warner as Chang, who looks exactly like a thin version of Hugh Walpole. Sam Jaffe dies as High Lamas ought to die, though how they live remains their own affair. Ronald Colman is neither better nor worse than some twenty other good-looking would be in the same part. Jane Wyatt's Sondra is a good bit of work. One of the Tibetan ladies looks as though she had come out of Ye Mikado Tea-House, the other one less so. The really wonderful thing about *Lost Horizon* is the way in which Capra has preserved the atmosphere of the book. Taking it by and large—with not quite enough "by" and rather too much "large," I must declare this to be the best film I have seen for ages.

J. A.

## THE CITY AND SUBURBAN DAY AT EPSOM



THE HON. PENELOPE MILLS, LADY JANE NELSON, THE HON. URSULA MILLS, THE HON. CHARLES MILLS AND MISS DE TRAFFORD



LADY MAUREEN STANLEY  
AND MR. PETER THURSBY



BARON FRANK DE TUYLL WITH  
THE COUNTESS OF KIMBERLEY



LADY MARY DUNN, LADY STAVORDALE  
AND LADY WEYMOUTH



THE DUCHESS OF ROXBURGHE  
AND LORD PORTARLINGTON

Above are some of the people who were at Epsom to see William of Valence win the City and Suburban under the record weight of 9st. 6lb. by three lengths. Lady Jane Nelson, who is a sister of the late Duke of Grafton, was with Lord Hillingdon's son and heir and daughters and Miss de Trafford, their cousin. Lady Maureen Stanley is Lord Londonderry's eldest daughter and the wife of the Rt. Hon. Oliver Stanley, Lord Derby's second son. Lady Mary Dunn, Lord Rosslyn's daughter, is the wife of Mr. Philip Dunn, who is Sir James Dunn's only son. Lady Stavordale is Lord Ilchester's daughter-in-law; Lady Weymouth, who is with her, married Lord Bath's eldest son in 1927; she was the Hon. Daphne Vivian. Lord Portarlington was chatting to the Duchess of Roxburghe, who is Lord Crewe's youngest daughter

# Racing Ragout

By  
"GUARDRAIL"

EVERYONE in the world of racing and sport has sustained a great loss in the death of Hugo Londesborough. The best of sportsmen, the straightest and kindest of men, he hadn't an enemy and was an example of what a nobleman in every sense of the word should be. And so the good fellows with whom one has raced and shot, ridden a hunt and laughed pass on, leaving ragged gaps in the ranks that get wider and more numerous as we go and can never be filled.

It was with a sigh of relief that the other day I picked up a weekly paper which stated that under a more than odd nom de plume a commentator was about to revolutionise racing journalism. The whole thing was to be viewed from an entirely new angle and come to the consumer as fresh as a newly shaken cocktail. I was delighted. No one is more aware of the banality of racing journalism in general and his own in particular than the writer; but imagine yourself, say in August, trying to write about practically non-existent racing and be fresh about it. The wireless that you have put on to some soft, inspiring music changes the moment you sit down, either to a

raucous march or the vapourings of some shameless peeress who states that she has dressed her face over with some concoction to obtain a surface which the masses imagine is the hereditary right of any wearer of the purple. You and I know that it has for years been the envy of Messrs. Whippy & Steggall, and in disgust we turn the knob, only to get on to some Levantine jabbering at an incredible rate. Small wonder that even the foremost writers pad the thing out quick and go to bed. I wasn't prepared, however, to read such a startling revelation as that disclosed in the first paragraph: "The Greenham Stakes, decided at Newbury next Friday, may throw some light on the classics." Second paragraph: "The Craven meeting at Newmarket ditto, ditto, ditto." Third paragraph: "The Newbury Cup was won in 1930 by —." I noticed that practically every daily paper also stated the same rather obvious thesis, but this year I think it is wrong. (They hadn't searched back far enough to get the third paragraph.)

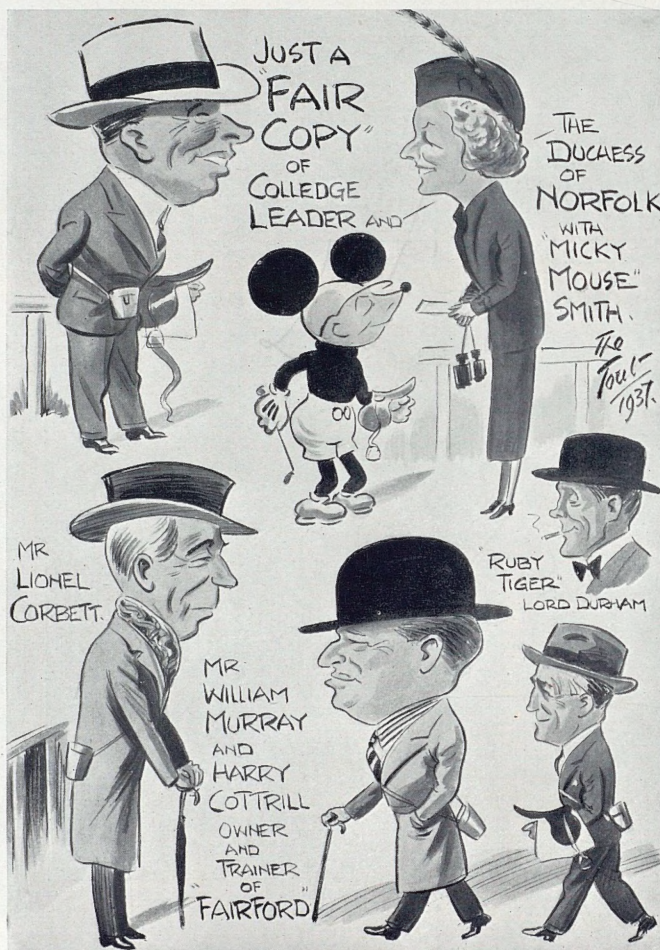
Gainsborough Lass, I should say, was the only classic animal we saw. She looked very backward in her coat and can be improved; but, admirably ridden, she gave away lumps of weight to win without being extended. The "canard de cabi-

net" before the race was that Dragoonade was the same animal as Fairford at home, and he started favourite on the strength of it. He ran green and will improve on this running, but if rumour is approaching true then Fairford is overated. Personally, I don't believe the tale and think he is a good horse. Carissa has grown into a nice filly with rather a sour look. She ran a game enough race, but an easy beating by Mickey the Greek at weight for sex over five furlongs doesn't read good enough for the classics even in such a terrible fillies' year.

I saw in the papers that Michael Beary stated in court that he had "regained his status as a first-class jockey," a status which it had never occurred to me he had lost. Anyway, he lived up to it when coming with a beautifully timed run on Overcoat to beat Ballywellbroke. The whole thing was in the worst possible taste, coming to beat the filly he always rode last year, and on her half-brother, too; but there it is, there's no sentiment in this dam racing—and I'd "gorn for 'er 'eavy."

The two best two-year-olds at the meeting were Morning Call and Ipswich. While I think the former was an unlucky loser, with the added experience of a run I think Ipswich would beat him again.

On the Wednesday evening Mr. Frank Butters very kindly showed me round his horses. The responsibility of looking after such a quantity of fragile valuables worth what kings used to be ransomed for lies lightly on him. Lovely horses there were that made the mouth water, but whether it was Badruddin that I liked more than Sadruddin or less than Cadruddin or the same as Dadruddin I can't remember, while I was equally mixed with all the Pashas and Shahs. There were also some very good-looking Orpen two-year-olds of Sir Alfred Butt's and two of Miss Paget's great white sale purchases. Thursday evening most of the racing fraternity repaired to the Baer-Farr fight, a grand, clean battle which was as thrilling as Mizler's fight was dull and bad. The traffic and car-parking arrangements for these big nights might well be bettered, but even then they are lengths in front of Sandown. After the fight was over I had to motor down to the country, and what a night! I should say that the only other can on record who ever ventured forth on such a night was the late H.M. Wenceslas the



"GUINEAS DAY" AT NEWMARKET

Some of the people prominent at Newmarket on "Guineas Day" are pictured here by "The Tout." C. Leader trains Fair Copy, Lord Derby's candidate in the Two Thousand Guineas. The Duchess of Norfolk has shattered all tradition in the design of her registered and already well-known racing colours, a white Mickey Mouse on a black jacket. Mr. Lionel Corbett is the husband of Hesperus' lady-owner. Mr. William Murray is part-owner, with Sir Abe Bailey, of Fairford, a colt with outstanding Classic chances, which Harry Cottrill trains. Lord Durham's classic hope is Ruby Tiger

(Continued on p. ii)

# IF THERE'S BEEN AN (UNOFFICIAL) STRIKE OF MODELS—



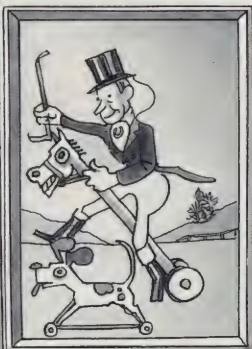
GEORGE BELCHER BLOWING HIS OWN TRUMPET



SIR JOHN LAVERY AS SHIRLEY TEMPLE



GERALD BROCKHURST  
A NEW ARMIDA



A. J. MUNNINGS TAKES  
TO THE HOBBY HORSE



A FEW OLD FRIENDS . . . CENSORED



"ALLY—OOP!"—DAME LAURA KNIGHT

—WE MAY EXPECT THE ABOVE EXHIBITS AT THE ACADEMY NEXT WEEK

By TONY WYSARD

[Following the prevalent fashion of unofficial strikes, the artist suggests a few possibilities should matters spread to the world of British art, which makes its annual bow to the public on Monday, May 3]



EVELYN WAUGH GETS MARRIED

The marriage of the younger of the novelist brothers Waugh to attractive Miss Laura Herbert, youngest daughter of the late Lieut.-Col. the Hon. Aubrey Herbert and of the Hon. Mrs. Aubrey Herbert, took place on April 17 at the Church of the Assumption, Warwick Street. Mr. Evelyn Waugh, whose brilliantly satirical pen has written nine books in nine years, joined the select band of Hawthornden prize-winners last year by means of "Edmund Campion"

#### Dining in London.

**I** SOMETIMES think that the reason why British hotels have such an evil reputation in gastronomy is that the majority of their clients don't know good food when they taste it! Wherein lies the satisfaction of arranging the perfect meal when the demand is for cold roast beef and pickles, followed by cheese wrapped up in silver paper, and biscuits? A good cook is as sensitive as any real artist, and few things are more disappointing for the "artist" in the kitchen than good food merely gobbled up. I have seen people even enjoy the usual deadly menu of tinned soup, preceded by tinned grape-fruit, followed by dried-up sole, followed by mutton accompanied by ruined cabbage and potatoes, followed by tinned fruit-salad accompanied by "packet" custard—not only without a grimace, but with positive relish! Consequently, I believe a perfect "whoop" of delight went up in 90 per cent. of British hotels when the first British vegetable found itself in a hermetically-closed tin! That also meant more "variety" with less trouble.

But for the few for whom good cooking is as essential to life's pleasure as a "good time," let me recommend Mr. Thomas Burke's new book, "Dinner is Served" (Routledge; 3s. 6d.). The sub-title is "Eating Round the World in London," and that is, indeed, its theme. Except for Portuguese and Rumanian, every European cuisine is, apparently, to be discovered in London if you go out in search of it. And this, delightful at all times, should be especially valuable during the summer of the Coronation, when foreign visitors will abound. But chiefly, I take it, the book is meant for the Englishman who wishes to dine well in London, and to know where the best "special dishes" are to be discovered. You may not always agree with Mr. Burke's choice of position on the list of the "best restaurants," but, unless you are almost a professional gourmet, you will be enchanted to know where anything considered "best" by anybody is to be found. Mr. Burke gives you a wide ground to cover in your pilgrimage. From the palatial restaurants, with a world-famous cuisine, to City restaurants, from restaurants in Soho and elsewhere in the West End to the pleasantest and best-run small bars, he will take you in his delightfully written and most useful little book.

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

For the lover of really good cooking it should make a visit to London an additional delight; while for the Londoner himself it will probably tell him of several places not yet sampled where he may find many a gastronomic "treasure-trove."

#### A Very Beautiful Little Story.

**I** f only there were more authors of the calibre of Mr. James Hilton, who realised that there is far greater incentive to a thrilled imagination in quality rather than in bulk! Those ponderous modern novels which air the author's political views at inordinate length and take three pages for a character to go round the corner—how unnecessarily dull they are: like a visitor who, delightful for a week-end, stays a month! Mr. Hilton's new novel, "We Are Not Alone" (Macmillan; 6s.), is little more than a long short-story, but because the selection is perfect, it is more impressive than if it had been spun out to six hundred pages. And yet it gives us whole characters, a completed life-story, the satisfying vision of everyday existence.

It is a tragic tale. The tale of a little doctor practising in a cathedral town who, with a stage dancer, is hanged for the murder of his wife, though both of them are innocent of the crime. It all came about through the man's kindness of heart. This led to his meeting with a stage dancer, Leni Krafft, a girl who, down on her luck already, suddenly has her whole career ruined through an accident. The little doctor brings her, out of pity, into his own house, and his kindness to her arouses the silly jealousy of his wife—one of those women for whom the "society" of a cathedral town comprises her whole completely satisfying world. Then war was declared, and suddenly the doctor remembered that Leni is a German. He tried immediately to get her out of the country. Alas! that evening his wife dies of poison. He and Leni are arrested, tried and condemned to death. Their tragedy is [that acts quite innocent in themselves have a guilty interpretation in a court of justice.

It is this interpretation which eventually sentences them. When they meet for the last time in the condemned cell, he tries to comfort her. "We are not alone," he tells her. Whatever our suffering, whatever the ignominy we have to endure, whatever our loss; even to die for a crime which we have never committed—nevertheless, we are not alone. Others have fared likewise: all experience is shared. So

the story ends. In a comparatively brief review, I find it difficult to tell you of its very moving quality, its natural simplicity, its beauty. But it possesses all these things to a remarkable degree. Nothing is wasted; nothing is overlaid. The character of the little doctor is perfect in its delineation of a man, intelligent, kind-hearted to excess; whose human sympathy leads to his worldly undoing. Does he love the girl? If he does, he never realises it until the end. She is part of the fulfilment of his moral and social duty; like his duty to his unsympathetic wife. He is condemned at last by completely innocent acts belonging to this sense of human duty which, interpreted in the light of a suspected murder, betray him in the end. Not for a long time have I read a novel which is at once so human, so moving, or so memorable.

#### One Monday "Off."

**M**iss Marjorie Booth's most pleasant new novel, "Monday's a Long Day" (Duckworth; 7s. 6d.), is somewhat in the "Grand Hotel" tradition of stories. We are introduced to a collection of well-assorted people, spend one day's holiday with them, and in that consists the whole plan. When this kind of theme, however, is well carried out it makes a very interesting book, and Marjorie Booth has carried it out admirably. For one thing, it seems to satisfy that

(Continued on page 158)



PRUDENCE O'SHEA

The author of "Warm Autumn," a recently published novel in which the children's point of view in unhappy marriages is movingly presented. Prudence O'Shea, a Ziegfeld Folly at nineteen and an ardent traveller, is Mrs. Chatterton in private life. Part of her interesting book is laid in the Algerian desert, where she experienced some unique adventures



Poolie, Waterford

**COUNTESS LEDEBUR, HER SON, CHRISTIAN, AND PALU, THEIR ALSATIAN**

Spring has come to Ireland and so has the late Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree's second daughter, the former Miss Iris Tree. With her son, Christian, and her white Alsatian, Countess Leдебур is staying at Woodstown, in County Waterford, having taken Gaultier Lodge from Sir Robert Paul's sister, who is at present abroad. Woodstown is a seaside place with hardly any houses and a fine big strand, and Christian and his mother are finding life there an agreeably carefree business

## TWO IN FAMILY

The Rising Generation  
with Their Mothers



Bassano

**WITH JOHN JEREMY: THE  
HON. MRS. PATRICK BELLEW**

Considering his extreme youth—he was born in February—Master John Jeremy Bellew takes the business of being photographed very calmly. Before her marriage, in April 1936, the Hon. Mrs. Patrick Bellew was the Hon. Moya Beresford. Her artist husband is Lord Bellew's half-brother

The marriage of the Earl of Malmesbury's only son, Viscount FitzHarris, to the Hon. Diana Carleton took place in 1932, and their daughter, Sylvia Veronica Anthea, was born two years later. She is a particularly charming small person. Lady FitzHarris's father, Lord Dorchester, a former Joint-Master of the Garth, wrote that good book "Sport in Our Time"

The Hon. Mrs. Talbot, who is seen on the extreme left with her little girl, is Lord and Lady Wimborne's younger daughter. In 1933 she married Mr. Thomas Talbot, son of Sir George Talbot, a Judge of the High Court of Justice, and kinsman of Lord Shrewsbury. Cheerful Cornelia arrived in 1935



Swaebø

**THE HON. MRS. TALBOT PLAYING  
PICK-A-BACK WITH CORNELIA**



Jane Haydon

**VISCOUNTESS FITZHARRIS AND HER  
ENGAGING ONLY DAUGHTER, SYLVIA**

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

insatiable curiosity which seizes on us when we are in a bus, or a railway compartment, or a tea-shop, as we ask ourselves: "I wonder who they are—why they are here—what is the story of their private lives? What suffering, anxiety, happiness lie hidden behind the 'flat' expression of those who know themselves not to be alone?" Miss Booth introduces us to a London office. The "head" of the firm is lying desperately ill on the Riviera. The manager is seeking to begin an "affair" with the pretty typist. An under-manager is in love with a youthful girl-clerk, who is in love with him, and finds it, as he does, equally difficult to reveal the secret. Miss Gibb, who has been in the firm for years, is one of those victims of repression who try to persuade themselves that they have escaped folly when, in reality, folly has avoided them.

Another old employee is terrified of losing his job on account of age, and has always pretended to his fellow-workers, in a desperate desire to achieve wish-fulfilment, that his home is surrounded by a lovely garden, which he tends himself; when in reality it is merely a small tobacconist's shop with only a "handkerchief" of a back-yard. Hillier, another employee, has unsatisfied longings to be a writer. Only the office-boy, Stubbs, enjoys no repressions, no thwarted ambitions, because so soon as he wants to do anything he goes and does it. Miss Booth makes you interested in all these people, and their ordinary, outwardly trivial lives. We seem to belong to them, or they to us, long before the eventful Monday arrives which is to complete, destroy, or ignore their dreams and ambitions of the moment. Old Mr. Green, the head of the firm, dies, and the office is closed on Monday as a "token of respect"—which none of them feel. For one day they are "free." And during that day of freedom their interwoven destinies jump forward at a bound: that is to say, unless, as in the case of Miss Gibb, they don't move an inch. Only you would never realise this—looking at them again on Tuesday morning. But that's where the inner and the outer life we lead has often no seeming resemblance. Which, perhaps, makes it all so exciting—and so queer, and always completely astonishing! Miss Booth has caught all three characteristics delightfully.

#### Story of British Kings.

Exactly one hundred years ago, the famous firm of Marshall and Snelgrove took over the firm of Marshall and Wilson in Vere Street, Cavendish Square, and reopened the business in Oxford Street. Now, in order to celebrate their centenary, which coincides so happily with the Coronation, they have published a very interesting and beautifully produced volume entitled "The Throne of Britain." The whole pageant of English royal history is compressed into 300 pages, yet a really satisfying outline of the story is there. The author, Claude Golden, has cleverly made a real person out of each successive monarch, and into the history he has woven the origin and meaning of many famous ceremonies and customs associated with

our national Coronation. The book is well illustrated with reproductions of portraits and actual photographs of British Sovereigns, more especially the Queens of England. The whole makes a very interesting record, as well as a beautiful souvenir of the present Great National Occasion. Personally, I was almost as much interested in the chapter describing the history of this famous Oxford Street firm as I was in the story of the British Throne. It reproduces a glimpse of a world which, although comparatively recent, seems, by reason of changes and developments, to belong to a remote past. And I remember so much of it! In parenthesis, "The Throne of Britain," may be obtained through the usual channel of bookseller and stationer.

#### Among the Very Best Guides to London.

And now, since I am writing of Coronations and national customs and ceremonies, let me bring to your notice a book about London itself which, although not actually a brand-new book, has only recently been published. Because it is among the most delightful and best of its kind is my chief reason. It is by Mr. E. V. Lucas, and is entitled "London Afresh" (Methuen; 7s. 6d.). If anyone can write more charmingly about London, make social history more intimate, and yet give you all the kind of information comprised in a first-class guide-book, than Mr. Lucas, I have not yet read him. And I read almost every book about London that I can procure by the familiar hook or crook. The only sad side to this delightful publication is the wistful note which accompanies it. So much which made London historically and architecturally interesting has been demolished. So many "plaques" now replace old buildings which people came miles to see. Mr. Lucas's famous volumes, "A Wanderer in London" and "London Revisited," have consequently become very nearly out-of-date. Hence the reason for this new volume. Although, for my own part, a plaque which conveys to the imagination nothing except a "remembrance" is of little value. Consequently, these earlier books, which told so much of London's story,

will always remain dear to my heart.

On the other hand, "London Afresh" is essential under the new circumstances. And a more interesting book of its kind you will not discover to put into your pocket whenever seriously you begin to "do" London. For the stranger who has come to England for the Coronation, he will find no more charmingly written or more concise little guide. Nor is the tour of discovery confined only to London—as we understand London to be. Mr. Lucas takes us to Twickenham, to Chiswick, and to Barnet, among other outlying places, and he also guides us to the less well-known museums and art galleries, which are so well worth a visit and are so easily to be missed—since quite a number of Londoners have never visited them, and many, strangely enough, have never heard their names. A most comprehensive index completes this, one of Mr. Lucas's most endearing guide-books.



THE MARCHIONESS OF QUEENSBERRY

An exhibition of Lady Queensberry's paintings opens at the Leicester Galleries in Bond Street to-day (28th) and those who know the quality of her work will note this date. Lady Queensberry's artistic talent is inherited, as she is the daughter of the late Harrington Mann, whose death in February of this year was such a great loss to the world of art

*Esayer of Vienna*

## TWO AMUSING NEW PLAYS



THE BUS SCENE IN "LONDON AFTER DARK" (MARION LORNE STANDING).  
ON RIGHT: MARION LORNE AS AMBROSIA SEABROOKE



Henry Kendall (Edward Morton) and Lydia Sherwood (Lilla Carnworthy) in "BATS IN THE BELFRY"

Both of these plays are quite obvious winners. In "London After Dark" Mr. Walter Hackett has written a part that fits his charming wife, Marion Lorne, like a glove. She gets herself into the most appalling difficulties with her usual delightful ineptitude and out of them again with astounding ingenuity—or ingenuousness! She flits through a number of scenes of London, such as the inside of a bus, in a taxi, as an "usherette" at a super-extra-gala première performance at a cinema. She is suspected of murder, she becomes a police spy and goodness only knows what else, and all of it is very amusing. Miss Lilian Braithwaite, in "Bats in the Belfry," is the omniscient Aunt Miranda who takes the Morton family in hand and shapes their destinies in the nicest possible way—and exactly the opposite way to that in which they wish to go. Her influence is ubiquitous, all-pervading and infuriating. This is a most entertaining show



Michael Shepley (Harold Shaw) and Vivien Leigh (Jessica Morton) in "BATS IN THE BELFRY"

# CONCERNING GOLF

By HENRY LONGHURST



**A ROYAL GOLFER: H.M. KING LEOPOLD OF THE BELGIANS**  
King Leopold of the Belgians was educated at Eton and has consequently a liking for this country. He is occasionally seen in England on short visits, in the course of which he manages to put in a good deal of golfing. He is seen in this picture playing on the Royal Berkshire Course, near Ascot

**W**HEN I went down to Deal for the Halford Hewitt this year, I must confess that I thought the time had come when the Old Carthusians were to lose at last. Somehow or other we managed to scrape through, the annually recurrent miracle worked itself again, and now I see no reason why next year we should not make it five.

We have suffered a good many anxious moments during these past four years, but never have we survived a darker looking day than the Saturday morning last week against Winchester, with their youthful and reconstructed team. Needing one more match to give them the victory, their

second pair, Ken Scott (who would be almost my first choice for the English team this summer) and Gerald Micklem, were dormy one and lying about seven feet from the last hole in three. Dale Bourn and Cecil Middleton were twelve yards away in two. Down went Bourn's long one, and off went the four of them to the 19th.

There have been a good many classic finishes in the history of this tournament, but none to outshine what followed in this match. If ever there was a "winner," that man is Bourn. On the 19th he holed a horrible thing of about five feet, and on the 20th laid a ten-yarder so close that Middleton's heart must have warmed towards him. Then came a hole that some people say—and I think perhaps with justice—was typical of Bourn, both of his golf and of himself. Middleton's drive faded away towards the shingle, and was found, as all Winchester knew it would be found, lying perfectly on a smooth patch of grass. Bourn's second, which he was able to play with a wooden club, faded still further into the sandhills, and this time was found lying more than well in a fearful pit, full of broken bottles and old tin cans, and offering a selection of such lies and stances as might haunt a golfer in his dreams. Middleton's blind third soared up into the wind, hovered precariously on the big bank in front of the green—and then ran right back into the hollow again. Winchester, meanwhile, without missing a stroke or looking like doing so, were on the green in an orthodox three. Once again the Carthusians—or Carthiristians, as they are sometimes rudely called—metaphorically packed their bags and made plans for the week-end. But they had reckoned without Bourn. With a bumbling kind of stroke he scuffled the ball up over the bank and had the satisfaction, on running to the top, of watching it trickle down and lie stone dead. In the end this great match finished with Bourn and Middleton getting down in two from about 100 yards at the 23rd.

The runners-up, at their first time of asking, were the Old Lerpoolsians, another youthful team, nine of whom were at Liverpool College when their leader and tenth member, Ivor S. Thomas, was a master, which, incidentally, he still is. P. B. Lucas is often described as the best left-handed golfer in the country, but frankly I think that is an honour which probably belongs to Thomas. It would be amusing to see them play a 36-holes match for it. Thomas's play in the final was superlatively good: to beat John Beck and C. V. L. Hooman with a not too confident partner is no mean achievement.

The organisation of this mammoth tournament was, as usual, triumphantly successful, though I suspect that Bernard Drew, the secretary, is now getting a little tired of being complimented on the fact. I do wish, however, that the secretaries of some of the other clubs on whose courses big competitions are held would come and take a course of lessons with him.

Once again the problem of getting through with all the matches in the light of day proved insoluble, and two had to be left unfinished on the Saturday evening, with the result that the luckless fellows playing in two of the Eton-versus-Stowe games had to arrive at a deathly hour on Sunday morning to play the 19th hole. Stowe are working their way steadily up, and no one doubts that in time they must win the tournament. Their supply of "material" improves and increases year by year. At the age of twenty-seven, Stanley Anderson is the oldest member of the team by three years! He joined Stowe in its second term, in the days when the masters, including the headmaster, wore badges announcing their name and identity to the world. Meanwhile, five members of the Cambridge team, one Oxford reserve and Anderson himself is no mean nucleus.

# DISTINGUISHED RACKETEERS



## RACKETS CELEBRITIES AT QUEEN'S CLUB—BY "MEL"

The greatest celebrity in this page of "portraits" is Major-General Seymour Sheppard, who is "Sheppard the Sapper" to anyone who has ever had anything to do with the region in which quite a big spot of bother is boiling up at this moment. General Sheppard has been connected with practically every unpleasantness that has occurred on the North-West and North-East Frontiers of India. He is likewise the Army Rackets Singles Champion 1903, 1906, 1921, and the Amateur Rackets Champion, 1906. Mr. R. H. A. G. Calthorpe, the present Army Champion, who is a Scots Grey, also plays another ball game very well. He is in the Greys' regimental polo team. Mr. D. S. Milford won the Amateur Championship in 1930 and again in 1935. Mr. R. C. Riseley won the Inter-Varsity Singles for Oxford in 1935, the Inter-Varsity Doubles in the same year with Mr. P. Kershaw, and in 1934 the Doubles with Mr. R. Pulbrook

## A QUEEN CHARLOTTE BALL REHEARSAL



LADY ANGELA COURTENAY, MISS DENISE CRITCHLEY-SALMONSON AND MISS ROSEMARY THURLOW



MISS "BOBS" KEPPEL, MISS JEAN MACTAGGART-STEWART AND MISS JOYCE JESSE BROWN



LADY ALEXANDRA EGERTON, MISS VICTORIA MONTGOMERIE-CHARINGTON AND MISS GRIZEL BUXTON



MISS EVE PATRICK AND MISS SHEILA GRAHAM.  
(BELOW) THE HON. LELGARDE PHILIPPS AND  
THE HON. VALERIE MANSFIELD



MISS ROSEMARY FORD AND  
MISS BARBARA DANIELLS



MISS SUSAN NORTH AND MISS ROSALIND CHRISTIE



The modern débutante is never allowed to be much more idle than, let us say, the flying filly Gainsborough Lass, and all these charming young people were very busy at a rehearsal for the annual Queen Charlotte's Birthday Ball, which took place at Grosvenor House last Monday (26th), and, as is well known, is in aid of the funds of that great hospital founded by George III.'s gracious Queen. Part of the débutantes' duties is to haul in the Queen Charlotte Cake; the other part—far easier—is to lend adornment to the scene. As to a short catalogue of the pictures: Lady Angela Courtenay is the Earl of Devon's youngest sister and is two years younger than her brother, who was born in 1916. Miss Jean MacTaggart-Stewart is the elder of the two daughters of Sir Edward and the Hon. Lady MacTaggart-Stewart, and Lady Alexandra Egerton, who is in the picture alongside, is Lord Wilton's only sister; Mrs. Edward Compton is giving a joint dance for her on June 3rd. Miss Eve Patrick and Miss Graham are step-sisters, the former being Lady Evelyn Patrick's daughter. The Hon. Lelgarde Philipps is Lord and Lady St. Davids' only daughter, and the Hon. Valerie Mansfield Lord and Lady Sandhurst's. Miss Susan North, the Hon. Mrs. Dudley North's daughter, and Miss Rosalind Christie, daughter of the renowned Agatha Christie, are having a joint dance given for them on May 10th, and Miss Rosemary Ford is similarly in luck's way on June 3rd, when her mother, Mrs. Richard Ford, is giving another for her



LADY HONOR VAUGHAN:  
A CORONATION DÉBUTANTE

*Yvonde, Berkeley Square*

A recently taken portrait of the second of Lord and Lady Lisburne's three beautiful daughters, who is to be presented by her mother at one of the Coronation Courts. The first Court is on Wednesday, May 5th, the second on the 6th, and the third on July 1st. Lady Lisburne, whose dark beauty has been inherited by all her daughters, is a daughter of Don Julio Bittencourt, who was formerly an Attaché at the Chilean Legation in London. Lady Gloria Fisher, Lord and Lady Lisburne's eldest daughter, was joint-chairman with Lady O'Neill, of the High Spirit Ball at Grosvenor House last week, a very aptly-named function, because it was in aid of the Licensed Victuallers' School and Benevolent Institution

## THE SEASON OPENS

## AT COVENT GARDEN



*Swatch*  
LORD AND LADY CADOGAN



LADY DASHWOOD



LORD AND LADY HINCHINGBROOKE



LT.-COL. THE HON. MALCOLM  
AND MRS. BOWES-LYON



*Swatch*  
MR. PHILIP HILL WITH  
MR. CARL BENDIX



MR. PETER BELIN AND LADY  
GEORGE CHOLMONDELEY



REFRESHING: LORD HOWLAND  
AND BARONESS VON KRIEGER

One of the most brilliant first nights ever known at Covent Garden gave a promising send-off to the Coronation Season last week. Verdi's "Otello" was the opera; Signor Giovanni Martinelli, whose pre-war triumphs over here will be remembered, received a great welcome; Sir Thomas Beecham actually refrained from frowning on late-comers, and tiaras were two a penny. Princess Helena Victoria and Princess Marie Louise occupied the Royal Box, while Colonel the Hon. Malcolm Bowes-Lyon, Queen Elizabeth's uncle, was among the season's stallholders present. Lots of lovely dresses were to be seen. Lord Churston's sister, Lady Cadogan, was in black; Lady Hinchbrooke, the former Miss Rosemary Peto, was one of the many wearers of white; and the Baroness Von Krieger, who came with the Duke of Bedford's grandson, looked charming in pale blue. That musically-minded financier Mr. Philip Hill has a box at Covent Garden. Lady George Cholmondeley is Lord Cholmondeley's sister-in-law



MR. ROBERT AND THE HON. MRS.  
O'BRIEN BY THE BOX-OFFICE

# THE TEDWORTH HUNT 'CHASES ON SALISBURY PLAIN



MISS A. N. CHICHESTER AND F.M.  
SIR CYRIL DEVERELL



LADY BURNETT-STUART AND BRIG.-GENERAL  
AND MRS. HARDING-NEWMAN



GENERAL SIR JOHN BURNETT-STUART, THE  
G.O.C., AND BRIGADIER C. A. HEYDEMAN



MR. N. A. CLARKE, R.A., AND LADY  
SEYMOUR SNAPPED



WINNER OF THE TEDWORTH CUP: LT.-COL.  
J. D. L. DE WEND FENTON (ON KEDGEREE II.)



F.M. SIR WILLIAM BIRDWOOD, MR. FRED  
WITHINGTON AND SIR SAMUEL SCOTT

*Photos: Truman Howell*

Though the Tedworth Hunt took the floor at the last of the Salisbury Plain Racing Club's excellent meetings at Windmill Hill on The Plain, the card was heavily salted by the soldiery as may be apparent from these pictures. Some of the heaviest metal in the Army was there, including, as will be seen, the C.I.G.S., Sir Cyril Deverell. The G.O.C., Southern Command and Lady Burnett-Stuart brought a house-party and Brigadier-General and Mr. Harding-Newman were two of it. He used to have the 55th Wessex F.B., R.A. The G.O.C. himself is a Rifleman. Brigadier C. A. Heydeman has the 2nd Cavalry Brigade, and is a Queen's Bay. Lord Seymour, whose wife is with Mr. Clarke, who is a Gunner, is the Duke of Somerset's son and heir. Lt.-Col. de Wend Fenton, who steered his own to victory in the Tedworth Hunt Cup for which nine ran, commands the 3rd Hussars. Sir William Birdwood was particularly interested in the 12th Lancer 'Chase because he was in them before he went to the Indian Cavalry, 11th B.L. Mr. Fred Withington and Sir Samuel Scott, who are with him, were stewards of the meeting. Sir Samuel Scott used to be in the Blues, and, as it is hardly necessary to tell the world, has been a famous Steward of the Jockey Club. Mr. Withington is a very famous G.R. of other days

## ENTERTAINMENTS à la CARTE

By

ALAN BOTT

## Miss Lorne with Atmosphere



MEWS SCENE: LEONARD UPTON, ALFRED MILLEN, DAPHNE SCORER, ETHEL RAMSAY, PHYLIS NORRIS, GWEN CLIFFORD



STREET SCENE: R. MEADOWS WHITE, ELVIRA HENDERSON, MOLLY CARDEW, EDGAR McEWEN, R. VAN BOOLEN



BUS SCENE: ALFRED MILLEN, RICHARD GRAY, MARION LORNE, EDWIN STYLES, ROBERT ANDREWS

WHEN Mr. Walter Hackett sets out to stage something in a London mews, he insists on making it emphatically a mews and unmistakably in London.

The proportions of the stage may keep it, in square yards, a bit below life-size, but "atmosphere" will expand it into the sort of teeming mews which Stevenson might have used for London's *New Arabian Nights*. Mr. Hackett is a loulou for atmosphere, whether in a road-house, a police court or an Orient Express. The mews for *London After Dark* is all alive with true-blue types: chauffeurs, pram-watchers, charladies, policeman, bicycling fishmonger, public-bar frequenters, jug-fillers and, outside the bar, the inevitable street-singer singing, to banjo-guitar, one of those Eugene Stratton coon-songs which, as Mr. Hackett knows from experiment elsewhere, never fail to strike chords and win passing applause.

Yes, it is *echt* mews, even to the murder done in one of those flats converted for the gentry, whose tenancy has lowered the tone of the place. Explosion: a tyre-burst—or a shot? The well-dressed woman in the green hat, going casually up to the flat but coming down quickly and fearfully. The charlady's scream: discovery of a body shot in the back and burnt in the fire. The well-dressed male caller, giving the police a false name before quietly escaping through the pub. And here, when the brouhaha is done and police and crowd are chasing the escaper, is a furtive young man with lowered hat-brim, stealthily emerging from sinister mews-flat.

What, though, of Mr. Hackett's main purpose, which is to exploit the fine absurdities of Miss Marion Lorne? The better the realism for framing the Lorne, the absurder will her flutterings appear; so, before her comedy impinges upon the tragedy, there is to be more atmosphere, this time for an average street-scene: girl-gossipers, bus-chasers in bowler hats, pavement-artist-philosopher, newspaper-seller, the Woman who Faints on reading of the murder, passers-by *et al*. Also the cove with the lowered hat-brim; and finally the flustered Lorne, dropping a bag and, as was equally to be expected,

misplacing an umbrella in several directions. And yet more atmosphere, applied to one of the best props ever used—the inside of an authentic bus, jammed tight with scramblers, strap-hangers, insistent conductor, chatty driver, *et al*, who in combination prepare the background against which Miss Lorne shall again tangle the umbrella, desperately fumble in the bag for the fare that isn't there, accept friendship from a genteel lady who turns out to be a pickpocket and leaves her with the swag, get saved from arrest by the man who is clearly the murderer, and be at odds with a 'tec but in instant harmony with a gentleman-copper who lets her go her odd ways.

Miss Lorne is ready at last (but no sooner than is needed for Mr. Hackett's effects) to take over from atmosphere, which thus far has provided one-half of the doings. After the bus, a taxi is small beer, but it serves for dithering intimacies with the murderer; and thereafter, nobody could ask more of her than that, as usherette in a movie-palace, she should be incongruous in Chinese robes, have fun with her torch, tumble down steps, show the customers into wrong seats and generally play the giddy Lorne. The investigation of murder also progresses, but since Miss Lorne is an usherette it must happen in the film-foyer and proceed no further than is helpful in sending her, as Scotland Yard's brave but jittering decoy, to entrap the murderer and be scared out of her peculiar wits. Alone in Hampstead with a killer who knows she knows, surrounded by locked doors and cut telephone she has, and emphatically uses, every chance to burble for time, dither for delay and gurgle like Donald Duck until the moment is ripe for her P.C. Reginald Sinclair to collar the criminal and let the lady bamboozle his Superintendent into giving him promotion, which he deserves for no reason other than the engaging manner with which he is played by Mr. Edwin Styles. They have strange ways of doing things in Mr. Hackett's Scotland Yard; but then, any institution against which Marion Lorne bumps cannot help transplantation into Looking-Glass Land.

The third Act of this piece at the Apollo is a bit less lively than the hilarious Second in the cinema and the teeming First that rings the changes between mews, bus and taxis. But the deft, ingenious whole provides a vehicle for first-class Lorne, which I, as one among many, can see with hearty pleasure at least once a year. Miss Cathleen Nesbitt and Mr. Robert Andrews steady the play with smooth and serious acting. Mr. Richard Gray is all that C.I.D. Superintendents appear to be in the Sunday papers; Miss Phyllis Morris and Messrs. Leonard Upton, Alfred Millen and R. Van Bollen do much for the incidental rôles. And full marks to Atmosphere.



MARION LORNE,  
EDWIN STYLES



CATHEEN NESBITT,  
ROBERT ANDREWS

# Priscilla in Paris

I ENJOYED a wonderful run up to Paris from the South, Très Cher. The *route Napoléon*, over the Alpes Maritimes, is the road to take at this time of the year, for it is not yet too warm and the heat haze does not interfere with the view that is so magnificent; even quite far up and inland one can see across the decreasing ranges of the hills and out over the turquoise, diamond-spangled sea. Just beyond Nice one leaves the coast road, three or four hundred yards after passing George de Basilewsky's delightful place at Cros-de-Gagnes, and one immediately begins to climb upwards to Grasse, Castellane, Digne and onwards. The surface of the "Nationale 85," or *route Napoléon*, is marvellous, and the curves are so well built that even the most asthmatical car hardly realises the stiff gradient; as for Miss Chrysler, she positively lapped it up, for she loves a good stiff hill.

When this road was finished, a few seasons ago, it was suggested that the milestones should bear the Imperial eagle, in commemoration of Napoleon's march over the mountains during the fateful *cent jours* that culminated with Waterloo, but the authorities—political—ordained otherwise. However, the white and blue enamelled sign-posts are ornamented with some kind of a vague bird—it looks like a cross between the seagull and the wild duck—and reminds me of the ironic lines in Rostand's *L'Aiglon*—

"Car c'est, sur un amant, une chose qui flatte!  
—L'aigle rapetissée en épingle à cravate!"

I can still hear the biting irony of the Divine Sarah's tones in that scene. I was a brattish school-girl when I heard it for the first time, and Reutlinger's idealised photograph of Sarah Bernhardt, wearing the white uniform of the *Ducale Reichstadt*, lived in the pages of my "Gill's geography"... the other day I found that the memory of her golden voice still lived in my heart. In mid-April there was still snow thick on the peaks and on the slopes as I passed over the *col de Bayard* before starting on the long, winding descent towards Grenoble, and I imagine that even when the snow goes entirely the draught in that spot must make trouble for those hardy young people who drive about, hatless and coatless, in sports cars. May I suggest, with Auntie Priscilla-ish solicitude for their welfare, that a warm wrap and a *béret* may come in useful between Gap and La Mure when using that road to—or from—the South.

I got back to Paris in time for the Doris Niles dance concert at the Salle Pleyel, where I passed an enchanted evening. You have seen this clever young American—though "cosmopolitan" would describe her more exactly—dancer in London, so no doubt you will agree with me when I say that she is as great an actress as she is a dancer. She has all the subtlety of Clotilde Sakharoff as a mime and a *comédienne*, and to these qualities she adds the technique and classic culture that one so rarely sees combined with the personality that counts for so much in character dancing. Tamara Karsavina had all these qualities, and Doris Niles greatly reminds me of her.

Serge Leslie was Doris Niles's partner, and of the dances they performed together, the *Can-can* 1900 was the greatest success. Their rendering, alone and together, of a varied programme of Spanish dances was excellent, but I am still too obsessed by the memory of our beloved Argentina to be able to judge very clearly when certain airs to which



Star Presse

## SIMONE BERRIAU, OF FRENCH FILM FAME

Simone Berriau won many high laurels when she gave us a wonderful bit of characterisation as the native woman in the film "Itto," the action of which took place in Morocco. Her most recent success has been in "La Tendre Ennemie."

she danced are played... and I watched the stage through a mist. Serge Leslie's *Pierrot sautant*, his *Marionnette échappée* (to the music of Eugène Goossens), and his *Valse Espagnole* are a sheer delight to watch, and Doris Niles is as exquisite a Geisha as she is a nautch dancer or the classic exponent of J. S. Bach's *Rondo Gavotte*. These clever young people are giving another concert later in the year; don't miss it if you are over.

Our lovely Jeanne Aubert is now appearing for a fortnight in her song number at the A.B.C. music-hall, Boulevard Poissonnière—another theatre that you must pay a visit to—and had a great reception there the other evening. She has been playing all the winter in Rip's witty revue at the Nouveautés Theatre, just across the street from the A.B.C., and she is opening there in another show by the same author at the beginning of May; nevertheless, she took the trouble to present five new songs to her audience.

This is a pleasant change from the artistes who eternally *nous parlent d'amour* of the *chaland qui passe* and that infernal nuisance "Pedro"! 'Nuf sed! After the show, there was the usual "beer and hot-dog" *festa* in the balcony bar, and Mistinguett, who came in to see the show, was there, all girlishly enthusiastic about her recent stay in London, and full of plans about her forthcoming appearance, with girls-and-boys complete, in a revue at this same A.B.C.

The Exposition 1937 may not open on time, but Mistinguett will, and this, methinks, is the Exhibition's silver lining.

PRISCILLA.



T. Piaz, Paris

## MARCELLE CHANTAL IN SWEET REPOSE

Marcelle is now as famous on the flickers as she is on the stage. She started her career at the Opéra-Comique, has a perfectly charming voice, and has used it to effect in many of her films



EDWARD G. ROBINSON AND HIS SON

## CIRCUS-TIME IN STARLAND

JACK OAKIE, GEORGE RAFT  
AND THE CRISTIANI SISTERS

KAREN MORLEY AND BABY



HAROLD LLOYD WITH HIS CHILDREN AND SYBIL JASEN



MR. AND MRS. FREDRIC MARCH AND THEIR CHILDREN



GUY KIBBEE AND HIS DAUGHTER

These photographs were taken in Hollywood at Al. G. Barnes' circus. The people of the films brought their "young entry" along in dozens—for any properly constituted child loves a circus better than anything! Moreover, a child makes an excellent excuse for grown-ups who have retained their affection for the glamour of the sawdust ring. You remember the Deacon's Little Boy who was the only child in town and was taken to the circus so often, in consequence, that he got heartily sick of it? Jack Oakie and George Raft were free from such escort duty and enjoyed themselves fraternising with one of those marvellously patient big grey horses which are main pillars of the circus. Jack Oakie is in *That Girl from Paris*, which is now at the Carlton. Edward G. Robinson is the star of *Thunder in the City*, with Luli Deste. This is the film which satirises American "go-getter" methods as visualised in England, and the English aristocracy as imagined in the U.S.A., an amusing bout of tilting at windmills. Karen Morley is the star who started as a screen-painter and eventually made her name with Greta Garbo, in *Inspiration*. In private life she is Mrs. Charles Vidor, her little son Michael was born in 1933. Harold Lloyd's wife is Mildred Davis; she is not in the picture, but their children are, with one of their little friends

Photos: Hyman Fink



ALLAN MOWBRAY AND DAUGHTER

## DANSE MACABRE

These arresting photographs, just arrived from Budapest, throw light on a curious custom which flourished in Hungary in the seventeenth century. They are in effect a reconstruction by the famous Hungarian choreographer Olga Szentpali, and her *corps de ballet*, of a funeral dance, without which no Hungarian obsequies were complete in those days. It is recorded that the dance took the following form: a friend of the deceased, dressed in his clothes, lay prone and rigid while weeping women circled round him carrying candles. The mourners next endeavoured to revive the "body" with their charms. Suddenly it began to move, at first jerkily, and then more and more naturally. Finally, in a grand climax of jubilation, mourning was forgotten



AN ANCIENT FUNERAL RITE IN BALLET: THE FIRST STAGE



STAGE 3: THE "CORPSE" BEGINS TO MOVE



STAGE 4: BACK TO LIFE IN THE DANCE



STAGE 2: MOURNERS ATTEMPTING TO REVIVE THE "CORPSE"



STAGE 5: JOIE DE VIVRE FINALLY DEFEATS DEATH

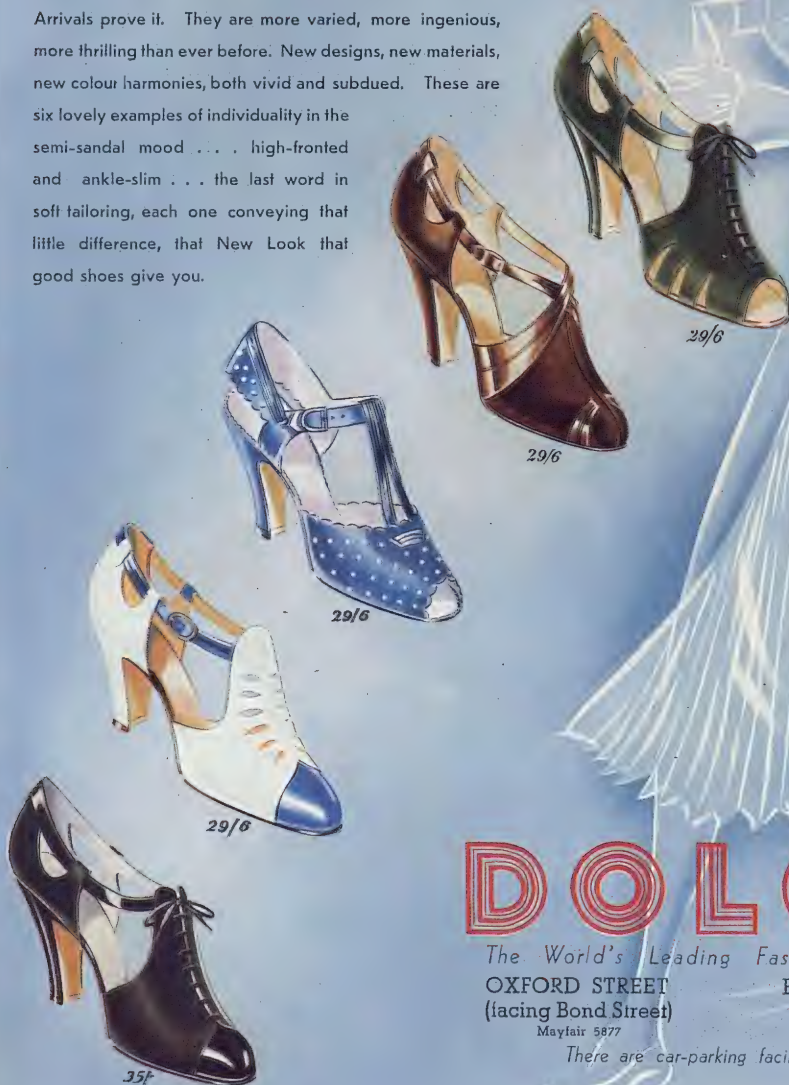


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# ANNABELLA

By  
TONY WYSLARD

An informal impression of the lovely French star who has recently completed two films in England. The first, *Wings of the Morning*, in colour, will shortly be seen in London, and will be followed by *Under the Red Rose*. Our artist found her—like Drake and his bowls—determined to finish a jigsaw puzzle in her dressing-room at Denham before facing the camera. It will be noted that, like La Dietrich, Annabella favours “trews” for informal occasions.



DECORATIONS : ENGLAND, SCOTLAND AND IRELAND

By C. A.

*Specially printed and mounted copies of this picture can be obtained on plate sink m*



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### INDIA'S DELEGATES TO THE CORONATION

The above is an impression drawn by an artist in Bombay of the seven official delegates of the Government of India who are representing that country at the Coronation of King George VI. The names are, reading from left to right in the back row of the people in the howdah: H.H. the Aga Khan, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., etc., Sir Cowasjee Jehangir, Bt., K.C.I.E., O.B.E., Member of the Legislative Assembly, the Hon. Rai Bahadur Ramesaran Das, C.I.E., Member of the Council of State, Khan Muhammad Rafi, Bar.-at-Law, Secretary of the Legislative Assembly; (in front right) the Hon. Sir Manekji Byramji Dadabhoy, K.C.S.I., K.C.I.E., Kt., Bar.-at-Law, President of the Council of State, the Hon. Sir Abdur Rahim, K.C.S.I., Kt., President of the Legislative Assembly, and Sir Leslie Hudson, Kt., Member of the Legislative Assembly



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SAILORS' RACE)



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AND THE REV. "JACK" MILNE



LADY RADNOR, MAJOR SELBY-LOWNDES  
AND MRS. WILD



"JOCKEYS" IN THE NAVY'S RACE: SUB-LTS.  
W. CRAWFORD (3rd), E. A. S. BAILEY, D. C.  
BEATTY (2nd) AND J. A. HOLDSWORTH



LADY SIDMOUTH (LEFT) AND MISS  
CROSSLEY

The Home Fleet combined with the Cattistock Hunt at this quite cheery meeting, which was run at East Coker, not far from Yeovil, and in the Home Fleet 'Chase twelve ran, with Lt.-Col. R. G. Sturges, a Marine from H.M.S. "Nelson," heading the lot of them at the right moment. He won by a distance on his own Patty O'Neil; Sub-Lt. D. C. Beatty, who is on a course at Portsmouth, being second on his Alona, and Sub-Lt. W. Crawford third on his own Cleaner. So far as is known, there were no shipwrecks. Lady Ilchester, in the group at the top, is with her younger daughter and the Master of the Blackmore Vale, who, like most other M.F.H.s, has had a hard time this past season. The Rev. "Jack" Milne, who is in the group on the right at the top, is a very famous ex-Master of the Cattistock and has been the mentor of many a future M.F.H. Lady Radnor is with her jockey, Major Selby-Lowndes, who rode Forshane for her, and Mrs. Wild also seems to be interested in the final riding orders. Lady Sidmouth is the wife of Lord Sidmouth, who saw a variegated lot of service in the Eastern theatre during the war



Guy &amp; Collier

## SKI-DRIVING WINNERS AT THE VINE HUNT GYMKHANA

The prize was for the most original entry, and Miss P. Illingworth and Miss D. Ralli (the postillion) slid home very easy—and also attractive—winners. The Gymkhana was held in Beaupaire Park, near Basingstoke. It was owned by the late Lt.-Col. Welch-Thornton

"H<sup>E</sup> would jump on his opponent's head, so he was disqualified." What a shame! If this goes on, all our manly sports will be completely knocked out. The decision seems all the more unjust, because in the same wrestling match the referee said nothing when there was a bit of hair-pulling, knee-kicking, head-mares, airplane spins, hammer-locks and such-like. I suppose the next thing we shall hear is that biting, scratching, eye-gouging and strangulation are to be grounds for disqualification. Why can't we go back to the good old net-and-trident days and a few lions and tigers? If we did I feel sure that it would ease the political situation in the

Mediterranean. There is nothing so flattering as imitation.

A sturdier spirit was shown by a Milwaukee all-in wrestler who, when he disagreed with the way things were going, started a sit-down strike. The next pair in the programme found him in the way, so they picked him up and shied him over the ropes into the audience.

An Examiner in English has just informed the world that "to go *phut* was originally used to describe unexploded shells dropping into mud." If I may make so bold, *phut* was invented long before shells were! It is not slang, Cockney, or otherwise. It is not even English. It is one of those words we have borrowed, as the professor says in another part of his discourse upon how careful we ought to be when we try to speak our own tongue.

"Blighty" is another one which comes from the same source as *phut*, and is just about as ancient in its origin. "Cushy," quite wrongly spelt, is another, and so is "buckshee"—also quite wrongly spelt and pronounced. Another little instance of the danger of using words of which you do not know the meaning is provided by the publicist who told us that *lashkar* means "a band," thereby suggesting that it was twenty-four Phil the Fluters plus the big drummer.

It is announced that a shipment of 100 trained fleas has arrived at Boston, and, by direction of the Federal Department of Entomology, been admitted to the United States under the classification of "wild animals." This ruling ends a controversy as to whether the fleas should be considered as insects or "foreign entertainers."

At a recent smart wedding they had some of these entertainers at the reception in a simply superb bar parlour—after the ceremony. I think some of the performers must have got loose, as I noticed a lot of



Stuart

## RUNNERS-UP IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS RACKETS: TONBRIDGE

J. R. Thompson and P. Pettman lost in the final to Malvern by 3—4. Thompson won the Singles Championship in January. He and P. D. Manners, of Malvern, are their schools' cricket captains



## CHILDREN'S HUNTER TRIALS AT RUDGWICK

Major and Mrs. Carlos Clarke were the hosts at these entertaining Children's Hunter Trials at Rudgwick, in Sussex. In the above group are (left to right): Mrs. Heber Percy, Mrs. Carlos Clarke, Major Geoff. Harbord and Lord Graves, two of the judges, and Major Carlos Clarke. One of the judges is far better known as "Tommy"



Truman Howell

## AT A BRECONSHIRE HOUSE-PARTY

Lady Abingdon and the Hon. Simon and Mrs. Rodney, Lord Rodney's brother and sister-in-law, were some of the house-party given by the Hon. Ivor Guest, M.P., for the recent Breconshire week. Lord Wimborne's son is the Member for Brecon and Radnor

By "SABRETACHE"



Stuart

WINNERS OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS RACKETS: MALVERN

N. W. Beeson and P. D. Manners retained for Malvern the title won last year; Manners was competing for the fourth time. Should Malvern win next year, they will win the cup outright



A SKILFUL HOBBY: MR. JESSE BROOKS, AMATEUR THATCHER

Thatching is a rustic art which makes most urban "skilled trades" look like child's-play. Mr. Jesse Brooks, a Bradford-on-Avon magistrate, is seventy-nine and an expert

other people also doing a bit of scratching.

This reminds me of a somewhat painful incident which happened in rather similar circumstances. The performance had gone splendidly, when suddenly the entrepreneur stopped as if he had been stung by a wasp and let a yell out of him that was simply heartrending. He said that his leading lady had suddenly hopped it, that he was ruined, sunk and destroyed entirely unless he could recover her. In the front row of the audience was a large lady, very décolletée. The flea owner at once fixed her with a baleful stare. The lady blushed and nodded, and then said, "Okay, Professor!" She promptly retired and in a few minutes came back carrying a "foreign entertainer" delicately between her finger and thumb. The Professor almost cried with gratitude, and was on the point of kissing her when he gave another yelp of horror:

"Name of a dog!" he screamed. "Dees is not my leetle Fifi, but anozzaire!"

The yachting season at Cowes, as will be noted, is late off the mark as compared with that in the Bay of Biscay. The famous yachtsman Captain "Cauliflower" Smith has been out sail-stretching in his saucy *Captain Kettle* for some time past and seems to be having a thoroughly enjoyable cruise. His remarks about the Armada have not, however, increased his popularity with the longshoremen in the vicinity.

Student duelling in Germany, the announcement



Friend Smith

AT AN OPENING CEREMONY: LORD AND LADY HOLLENDEN AND THE MARCHIONESS OF HARTINGTON

The occasion was the opening of new extensions to the Warehousemen's, Clerks' and Drapers' Schools at Aldington, Croydon. Lady Hartington is the Duke of Devonshire's daughter-in-law. Lord Hollenden is President of the Wholesale Textile Association

about which has reached us in a demi-official from Berlin, will no doubt interest all those who have gathered impressions of these combats from Mark Twain. All duels arising from just drunkenness are now strictly *verbotten*, and there are some other notable alterations in the rules. For instance, we learn that the "spring" duel, in which the opponents have 20 square metres to move in, replaces the toe-to-toe. Formerly, so far as my research carries me, you had to stand flat-footed, and got bad marks if you retreated when scalped by your opposite number's *Schlager*—a rather whippy, flat-bladed weapon, double-edged and with a rounded point.

(Continued on page XVIII)



SOME OF THE GRAFTON (POINT-TO-POINT) GALLERY

The perfectly abominable weather in which this meeting was run over a line near Paulerspury did not manage to damp the spirits of the Grafton Gallery girls and boys. Left to right: the Hon. Ursula Mills, the Grafton Master's daughter, Miss Ann de Trafford, her cousin, Miss Ann Capel, Mr. Mick Morris (at back), Miss Gay Margetson and Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Cecil Lomax



## ON THE NEW YORK STAGE

Marjorie Dalton and Betty Lawford, the English actress, in "The Women," at the Ethel Barrymore Theatre. This biting satire has an all-feminine cast of forty, every member of which does her own particular slandering and scratching. New York thinks it grand fun

**T**HE plaintiff was claiming damages in a compensation case. The judge, however, did not believe his story, and said, "Now show the court the effects of the accident upon you"

The plaintiff got up and, with great difficulty, hobbled across the floor.

"And now," continued the judge, "show us how you used to move before the accident."

The victim took a hop, skip, and jump across the court.

\* \* \*

**T**wo women were waiting for a bus. As one came up, the conductor cried: "Room for one on top and one inside."

"But surely you wouldn't separate a mother and daughter?" protested the elder of the women.

"I did once," replied the conductor bitterly, as he rang the bell, "but never again!"

\* \* \*

**T**wo sailors had just been released from a hot spell of duty aboard. Ashore they made a bee-line for the nearest pub. and ordered two quarts of ale.

They emptied their tankards in one draught, while the barmaid and several other people in the bar looked on in admiration.

Then one of them said, "Taint so bad Bill; let's have some."

## BUBBLE and SQUEAK

A patient in a mental home, after having been there for over twenty years, was kept under careful observation for a time by the authorities and judged fit for release.

On the morning of his release he was allowed to shave himself instead of having to be shaved by a warder. Turning to say something to one of the warders who happened to be in the room, he accidentally knocked over the shaving mirror, which fell to the ground.

When he tried to go on with his shave he looked at the blank space where the mirror had been.

"Well, if that isn't just my luck!" he exclaimed. "After over twenty years in this place, on the very day I'm going to be let out I've been and cut my head off."

\* \* \*

**H**e was one of those bores who will talk to fellow-passengers in railway trains. For an hour or more he had been telling tales of his business successes and wearying his companions with his conceit.

When the ticket inspector came into the carriage, the braggart did not stop talking—he merely handed a ticket to the collector.

The latter looked at it and said: "Where are you going, sir?"

"Can't you read?" shouted the other. "You've got my ticket, haven't you?"

"I've got a ticket, certainly, sir," replied the collector quietly, "but it's for a gold watch."

\* \* \*

**A** practical joker told a Jewish friend of his that his bank was about to fail. The Jew hurriedly drew a cheque for his balance and rushed round to the bank to cash it.

"Certainly," said the clerk. "How would you like it?"

"If you've got the money, I don't want it," panted the Jew, "but if you haven't got it, I must have it."

\* \* \*

**T**he Scotsman had lost a pound note.

He entered the advertisement office of the local newspaper and handed in the notice he wanted inserted in the "Lost and Found" column.

The clerk had great difficulty in restraining his mirth when he read: "Lost, a £1 note. Sentimental value."



BRIAN AHERNE

The clever Irish actor and film star as Iago, in the New Amsterdam Theatre production of "Othello," in which he scored a big personal success. New York has also seen him as Mercutio, when Katharine Cornell, one of America's most famous actresses, played Juliet. Brian Aherne, now back in England, is very well known in Hollywood, where he made "Beloved Enemy" with Merle Oberon



## THE PEARL IN THE OYSTER

Beauty unadorned at the French Casino in New York, where they are reported to be taking over £12,000 a week. Run on the same lines as the London Casino, the French Casino has been an established success for some years. The present show is particularly sumptuous and spectacular. Rudolf Friml, Junior, son of the composer of "Rose Marie," "The Vagabond King" and other musical-comedy hits, conducts one of the two bands

## Opera

*Listening to the music, or watching her profile?  
A little of both? Or both at the same time!  
... And why not? ... for in one you see the  
other. In the long lashes that fall so smoothly  
against her cheek—in the graceful gloved  
hand that supports her chin—is all the poetry  
of Don Giovanni—all the charm of Figaro.*



For such great moments as this, lovely ladies go to Elizabeth Arden for a Special Party make-up, which includes the new Glamour Complexion, achieved by the use of two powders—Ardena and Japonica—not mixed, but subtly superimposed; this perfect make-up, given by a special expert, lasts from early evening to—early morn.

# Elizabeth Arden

## JUMPING DIES HARD—IN SOFT GOING!



AT THE HEYTHROP 'CHASES: MISS DIANA BRASSEY AND MRS. D. MACKINNON



LADY ROSEMARY GRESHAM, MRS. M. HARRISON AND CAPTAIN J. F. GRESHAM



AND ALSO INTERESTED: COLONEL S. E. ASHTON AND LADY ASHTON OF HYDE



MAJOR-GEN. SIR JOHN HANBURY-WILLIAMS, MISS HANBURY-WILLIAMS AND MAJOR E. H. WHITFIELD



MRS. A. G. ELLIOT, M.F.H., AND LT.-COL. E. G. W. W. HARRISON, M.F.H.



ALSO SNAPSHOTTED: THE HON. LADY FOX, MR. FANE AND SIR GIFFORD FOX

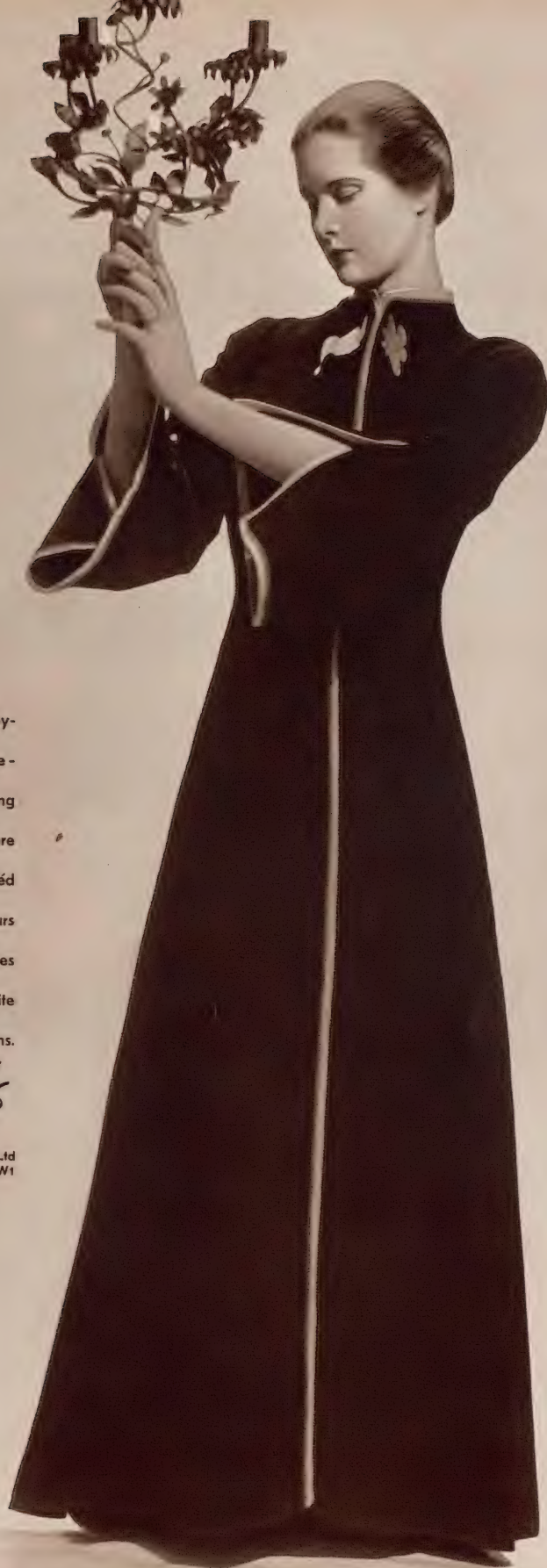
## AT THE LIGHT INFANTRY CLUB POINT-TO-POINT

At the Heythrop Point-to-Point, pictured at the top of this page, was included the Coldstream Guards' Regimental Race, the light and heavy cups being competed for in the same contest. The course was at Showell Farm, which is about three miles from Chipping Norton, where Major Denis St. G. Daly, that most popular ex-Master of the Heythrop, lives. The country over which the course stretched was kindly placed at the disposal of the hunt by Messrs. J. V. Rose and Son, H. Hall, H. Hutt, and A. Tustin. It was a very good line, but the weather was quite outrageous and the going deep. One of the Heythrop late Joint-Master's relations, Miss Diana Brassey, is in the left-hand group, and in the centre is Lady Rosemary Gresham, Lord Erroll's sister, and her husband, who is in the Welsh Guards; whilst on the right are Lady Ashton of Hyde, wife of the Heythrop Master, and a very popular South Oxfordshire personality, Col. S. E. Ashton, who is a former Joint-Master of the South Oxfordshire Hounds. The Light Infantry Club Meeting at Little Milton was an inaugural effort and was very well backed up by performers and spectators, as they had capital fields and the Colonel of the Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire L.I., Sir John Hanbury-Williams, lent the occasion the light of his countenance. Major Whitfeld, who is with him, is O.C. Depot. The South Oxfordshire Masters are in the centre picture, and Mrs. A. G. Elliot has been voted one of the best lady M.F.H.s in all England. She is immensely popular with the farmers. The Hon. Lady Fox, who is in the other picture with her husband and Mr. Cecil Fane, is Lord and Lady Eltisley's daughter

With simplicity as the key-note, Lucien Lelong designed this black evening coat. Tailored with a flare . . . bound and appliquéd with two contrasting colours . . . the Coat Salon copies it in blue, black or white cloqué for 16 Gns.

*Harrods*

Harrods Ltd  
London SW1



## LAWN TENNIS :: By "RABBIT"



WINNER OF THE MELBURY CLUB  
TOURNAMENT: MISS MARY  
HARDWICK

Miss Hardwick added to her Roehampton triumph by annexing the Ladies' Singles at the Melbury Club Tournament, defeating Mrs. Peters after a grim and protracted struggle

double pity; for inevitably the rain and the cold wind that plucked at the white cups of the magnolias just burgeoning on one side of the ground, also shrivelled some of the lustre of the stars, and thinned the ranks of the spectators. Which was hard luck on the management, because this is the best-run club of its size in London to-day, and possesses the most charming, friendly secretary in Colonel Powell, who takes as much interest in the least rabbit of the club as in its star performer, Bunny Austin. And if I were a young man, just left his public school or the 'Varsity, and office-chained to the City, I should not hesitate to put myself up for membership, especially were I anxious to recapture the "old-school-tie" spirit and improve my game at the same time. Because, after all, you could hardly have a more practical tribute to the atmosphere of the club-house, as well as to the quality of the courts, than the fact that Austin invariably uses Melbury, rather than Queen's or Wimbledon, for his outdoor practice during the winter and spring. Melbury also possesses two first-class professionals in the persons of Jeffery and Marskell (not to be confused with Maskell, the Davis Cup coach), and is equally lucky to have Captain Caulfeild using the club for his coaching headquarters. Some players think that Captain Caulfeild's methods are crazy ones, because they happen to be unique. But it has always been the way of the world to be unable to differentiate between genius and madness, until it is too late, and one more pioneer has been allowed to perish in a slough of despond. Not that that bird-like figure in an eyeshade, dancing on court with the agility of a balletomane and the elderly enthusiasm of Bernard Shaw, suffers from those "blasted hopes," to which reference was made by the pastor preaching a twenty-first birthday sermon to the twin sons of the present Viceroy of India. For ever since Captain Caulfeild had the temerity to introduce himself to our first player in the land to-day with the words: "Will you let me

I AM going to start this week by handing out a few bouquets, and if the flowers become a trifle dashed before I have had time to finish, don't blame me, but rather the latest Buchan spell, which unfortunately coincided with the final stages of the Melbury Tournament. This was a

show you what is wrong with your game, and how you can improve your smashing and service?"—he has not lacked an ever-increasing band of disciples. And here and now I should like to quote something from his teaching saga of advice to which I have listened on many occasions, which seems to me to be extraordinarily shrewd, vivid and illuminating.

"Tennis failures are often physically very energetic. They will run about a court by the hour, but every movement is sub-conscious. They make use of the 'try-and-hope-for-the-best' system of practice. Take my advice and give it up. Brain and muscle must be worked together. Your coach can only suggest. You must work your own brain. You can't attain the end without the means. At first you make use of the coach's eye until you have become conscious of your own actions on the lawn tennis court."

I should like to have those lines hung up in huge letters on the notice board and in the changing-rooms of every club in the country. For here you have two quite different theses brilliantly expressed; on the one hand, you are shown how far exactly the liaison between coach and player can be beneficial; on the other, you are made to perceive the importance

of the liaison between brawn and brain in tennis, as in any other game.

This brings me to the two next bouquets I have ordered from the florist's this week. One is addressed to Mr. G. E. Godsell, who reached the final of the singles at Roehampton from a half which included two of Great Britain's ranked players; and the other to Mrs. E. C. Peters, who had a great week at Melbury, reaching the final without losing a set, even to Miss Alex McOstrich, who had deservedly put out Dorothy Round earlier in the week. George Godsell hails from the West Country, where his reputation as a player stands higher than it previously did in the Metropolis, where players are inclined to make such a fetish of style that they forget that the first consideration of a player, whatever his or her class, should be to put the ball into play. And if only some of



THE MELBURY RUNNER-  
UP: MRS. E. C. PETERS  
"Mrs. Peters had a great week  
at Melbury, reaching the final  
without losing a set"



ALSO A MELBURY COMPETITOR: MISS M. C. SCRIVEN

"Miss Scriven . . . is still capable of beating any player in the country on a day when her famous left-handed rake is functioning at full strength"

our rising hopes, like Ronald Shayer, and even risen stars, like Frank Wilde, were a little more conscious of this fact, and rather less obsessed by their desire to produce winners off every shot, our chances of not losing the Davis Cup this year

(Continued on page xx)

you are  
last to arrive  
and  
you're  
feeling  
rather  
a "stranger" . . .



how  
you bless  
that  
young man  
who  
so thoughtfully  
gives you  
a cigarette . . .



which immediately  
makes  
you feel  
so much  
more  
at home.

this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.

# AIR EDDIES : By OLIVER STEWART



AT HESTON: MR. MERVYN  
AND LADY VIOLET VERNON

A snapshot taken as they were about to board their aeroplane. Lady Violet Vernon is the former Lady Violet Baring, and is a daughter of Lord and Lady Cromer. Mr. Vernon is in the Grenadier Guards

Aircraft Establishment, Farnborough. I strove frantically to express the idea in simple terms. I hacked at my sentences so as to make them read like Tales for Tiny Tots. I excluded all words of more than two or three syllables. I missed out altogether anything that looked like mathematics. I flattered myself that I had repeated my geodetic achievement and made a complicated invention clear to a popular public. Yet the next day a friend who has been flying for years said: "You wrote a lot of stuff in the newspaper this morning." "Oh, that," I answered modestly. "Did it interest you?" "I couldn't understand a word of it," he said. This shook me and, rather stiffly, I asked why. "It was much too technical, old boy," he explained patronisingly. "Much too technical. Life's too short to read all that technical blah. Besides, it never means anything."

It happens that he was wrong. The invention which I laboured to set out with crystal clarity means a great deal. In fact, I predict that it will profoundly influence all future high-speed designs. And so whether you, my present readers, like it or not, I am going to explain the dratted thing all over again. The purpose of the invention is to get more work out of a given quantity of fuel; to collect the heat thrown away by the engine and to turn it to a useful purpose. In other words, the cooling of the engine, from being a source of drag, is turned into a source of propulsion. A jet of mixed air and exhaust gas gushes out behind the aeroplane and helps to shove it along. (Note the direct, forceful description.) Instead of chucking away heat as you go along, you make it work for you. The internal combustion engine is a heat engine. Put in so many heat units and you get back some of them in work done: the work of thrusting the aeroplane along. Already we get back some of the units we put in as fuel in the form of airscrew thrust. But a great many others are thrown away in the form of the drag created by the engine cooling, whether it be the radiator of a liquid-cooled engine or the fins of an air-cooled one.

## Jet Propulsion.

THREE or four weeks ago I had the task of trying to interpret to the readers of a big daily paper the meaning of an important invention by two technical officers now stationed at the Royal

What Stewart and Meredith, the inventors of this device, have done is to enclose the entire engine with its exhaust system within the wing. Air is admitted through apertures on either side of the airscrew shaft and it then goes along specially shaped passages which control its pressure and speed. While the air goes along these passages, it passes, first, through the radiators of the engine, whence it collects heat, and then over finned exhaust manifolds, whence it collects more heat. The exhaust gases are then injected into the air-stream to give it still more heat. Meanwhile, the shaped passages maintain the pressure and the air reaches the trailing edge of the wing. It is finally emitted from a long, narrow slit or nozzle at a high speed and, by jetting forth, adds to the airscrew thrust. The result is more thrust and more speed. Jet propulsion is here at last, though only as a supplement to airscrew propulsion. The invention works only at speeds of about 500 kilometres an hour and more, and is being developed for the high-speed

fighters of the future. This invention, which has been taken up by the most famous aero-engine manufacturing company in England, will be well worth watching.

## New York—Paris Air Race.

AS I write, there are rumours that the New York to Paris air race, organised by the Aero Club de France, will be abandoned or else postponed to 1938. Some people have adversely criticised this race on the grounds that it is dangerous; and it certainly is dangerous. But all air-racing is dangerous if it is good. Danger is unavoidable in air-racing. Eliminate danger and you eliminate air-racing. There is scope for and need for an air race from New York to Paris, over the course which all Americans traverse in the spirit if not in the flesh. What more inspiring than the spectacle of



CAPTAIN AND MRS. G. E. PRIOR-  
PALMER AND THEIR MILES  
WHITNEY STRAIGHT

A snapshot at Heston last week. Captain G. E. Prior-Palmer is the 9th Lancer and England Reserve polo player of last season

pilots rushing from savagery to civilisation; from machine-culture to a man-culture; fromiced water to wine; from liverishness to life. It would be a race of merit and it must be flown. Moreover, it is foolish to talk of an Atlantic air line: so safe, so regular, so punctual, so dull; and to hold that an air race is

(Contd. on p. ii)



## A NEW USE FOR A HART BOMBER 'PLANE

Flight-Lieutenant P. G. Lucas and Mr. A. J. A. Wallace Barr at Brooklands just after their return from the golf match between the Aero Golfing Society and Martlesham Heath, the Aeroplane and Armament Experimental Station at Felixstowe. It is not recorded whether aeronautical experimentalism leads to a high percentage of "air shots" or not!



*"But you really must have your Tuborg, sir"*



**TUBORG - It's REAL LAGER**

## A CASE FOR TREATMENT

By

FRANK WATTS



*"When I dressed your wrist I took the opportunity to introduce a culture of tetanus—a change from my original plan for dealing with you"*

DOCTOR AUGUSTUS BLACKER-RENFREW turned slowly in his swivel chair and stared at the dissipated face before him. "Correct me if I am wrong, Mr.—er—Smith," he said evenly, "but do I understand that, unless I am so unutterably stupid as to hand you two hundred pounds, certain information which you assume to be authentic will be made public?"

"Puts it in a nutshell, Doctor." Slatty Smith stretched his arms above his head, before hooking his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat and resting his elbows on the arms of the padded chair.

"And if I refuse?"

"Well, you know your own business best, but it will be a bad job for both of us. Now look here"—Slatty leaned forward—"with your business—or I suppose you calls it practice—what is two hundred quid to you? No more than a packet of fags to me. You makes me a present and I keeps my mouth shut—see?"

"Yes, I do see. And when you have got rid of that two hundred pounds, you will come again and want more. No, I don't think so. You came here without an appointment. I let you in myself, and so far I am master of the situation, as no one in the house knows you are here."

"Go easy, Doctor. What I mean to say is, what's this all about?" Slatty jumped to his feet and backed away from the chair he had occupied. Doctor Blacker-Renfrew turned to face him, shaking his massive head and pursing his full lips.

"It means, Mr. Smith, that your chances of leaving this house by your own desire are remote—I might say negligible. As a reasonable man, you must realise the position in which you have placed yourself—you come here with an ultimatum which leaves me no option in the matter of securing your silence. If I thought for one moment that you would take the sum you demand and forget the matter, it would be different."

Cool and level, the Doctor's voice carried a threat that Slatty could not ignore. He glanced at the cupboard beside the fireplace; it was probably chock full of all sorts of ugly instruments, knives and saws, and the man towering before him knew how to handle them to the best advantage.

Slatty's recollection of the next few minutes was vague. He remembered loosing a kick at the Doctor, which evidently missed. He remembered his foot being caught and twisted so that he spun round and, losing his balance, crashed his head against something that echoed dully. He heard the Doctor moving, but imagined that he must be a long way off and was walking towards him.

By degrees his brain cleared and he sat up, gazing stupidly from the blood welling from a deep gash in his wrist to the glittering fragments of glass from a broken rose-bowl on the carpet near him. Kneeling beside him, Doctor Blacker-Renfrew dressed the wound.

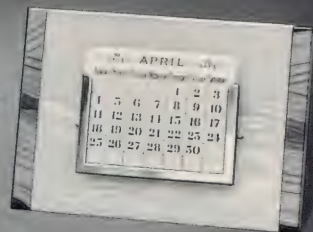
Slatty had lost a considerable amount of his previous assurance when he sat in the padded chair facing the Doctor. His naturally pasty face had the appearance of dough tinted with verdigris. Nevertheless, he argued to himself, the Doctor *had* dressed his wrist, and it was not likely that he would go to that trouble if he intended to do him in.

*(Continued on page 192)*

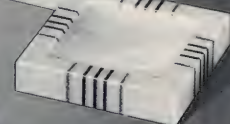
# Asprey

*Asprey's have an extensive stock of Mexican Onyx Articles, inlaid with Malachite, Canadian Lapis, Aventurine and Coral, including a number of Special Coronation Pieces*

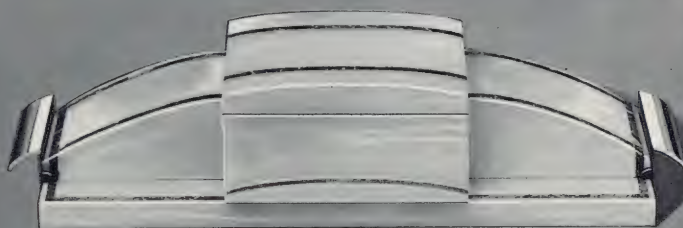
GENERAL CATALOGUE AND  
CORONATION GIFT CATALOGUE  
ON REQUEST



Onyx Perpetual Calendar,  
Malachite Ends  
Size  $6\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{2}$  ins.  
£3 5 0



Coronation Cigarette Box, Onyx  
inlaid Lapis and Coral, with  
Crown in centre  
Size,  $6\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{2}$  ins.  
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Smokers' Set, Onyx inlaid Malachite or Canadian Lapis.  
The Cigarette Box and two Ash Trays are removable  
Size of Tray  $13 \times 4\frac{1}{2}$  ins.  
£21 0 0

Ash Tray to match  
Size,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  ins. square  
£2 0 0



Onyx Cigarette Box, inlaid  
Canadian Lapis  
Size,  $6\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{2}$  ins.  
£9 7 6

Ash Tray to match  
Size,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  ins. square  
£1 15 0



Onyx Cigarette Box inlaid  
Aventurine  
Size,  $7 \times 4$  ins.  
£9 2 6



Onyx inlaid Malachite Inkstand, with Perpetual Calendar and Pen Tray. Size,  $12 \times 6\frac{1}{2}$  ins.  
£15 0 0

ASPREY & CO., LTD., 165-169, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

## A CASE FOR TREATMENT

(Continued from page 190)

Blacker-Renfrew's stare, however, was not reassuring, and Slatty was anxious to know how he stood.

"Doctor," he said, "I'm sorry I lost my temper."

The Doctor's frown gave no indication of having heard, as he walked to the cupboard and carefully inspected a small test-tube. He seemed to be mentally measuring its contents.

Slatty lifted himself from the chair.

"I suppose that finishes it, Doctor," he ventured; "the deal is off? No bad feeling, I hope?" He paused expectantly, his eyes turning towards the door.

"So far as your terms are concerned, the deal, as you say, is off. I am considering a settlement of the matter from my point of view." His voice grew hard. "You are a rat, Mr. Smith. A rat for which I have no use, except, perhaps, as a medium for experiment." He paused. "I am sure you have never given any serious consideration to the question of how frequently potentially valuable experiments are spoiled by the unfavourable view the law takes regarding research work, especially when the worker has to admit failure and the subject fails to recover."

Slatty's mouth felt uncomfortably dry.

"For some time," the Doctor continued, "I have considered that the recognised methods of treatment in cases of tetanus—lockjaw, Mr. Smith—are unsatisfactory, inasmuch as the percentage of recovery is relatively low. I have now obtained a serum which I have every reason to suppose will be effective even in the most advanced cases. One thing, previously lacking, was the subject on which to experiment."

"Ere, if you mean me," Slatty blustered, "I can tell you straight it's no go. I refuse."

"I am sufficiently optimistic to venture that your views will change when you have been put in possession of the facts."

"Not me . . . and get this—I didn't come 'ere with my eyes shut.



A RECENT ENGAGEMENT: LORD WALPOLE  
AND MISS NANCY LOUISA JONES

Lord Walpole succeeded to the title at the age of eighteen from his distant cousin, the Earl of Orford. The Earldom became extinct. Its first holder was the great Prime Minister, Sir Robert Walpole. His fiancée is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Jones, of Housham Tye, Harlow, Essex



A VOYAGER IN AMERICA: LADY JEAN RANKIN

Lady Jean Rankin is a daughter of the Earl of Stair. With her husband, Mr. Niall Rankin, she was staying at the Waldorf Astoria in New York before going on to California when this photograph was taken. She and her husband are great travellers and makers of travel-pictures

If I don't leave here to-night I have arranged for a certain letter to be forwarded to Scotland Yard to-morrow morning."

"Very wise of you, Mr. Smith; but, unless you prove to be more obstinate than I imagine, you will not only leave here within a few minutes, but will return to-morrow morning and bring the letter you are so anxious to make public."

Slatty's eyes opened wide.

"By the way, are you feeling much discomfort with your wrist?"

"Stinging like 'ell," Slatty gritted.

"Well, we must expect that," the Doctor assured him. "Few experiments are carried out without some discomfort. By to-morrow, there will be considerable inflammation and some stiffness, which may extend to the shoulder and perhaps the neck."

"What—what d'you mean?" demanded Slatty.

"Forgive me, Mr. Smith, I am afraid I have not made the position as clear as you have the right to expect. When I dressed your wrist I took the opportunity to introduce a culture of tetanus—a change from my original plan for dealing with you."

"Tet—! Tet—! You mean you have given me lockjaw!"

"Exactly! A particularly virulent type, I assure you. I may say, for your information, that, apart from my own culture, there is no serum in any hospital in the kingdom capable of dealing with it. So you see that a visit to any institution for treatment will be a waste of time on your part."

Slatty tried to speak, and failed.

"It rests with you, Mr. Smith.

If you come to me to-morrow morning with that letter, I will commence the treatment. To ensure success—and I have no reason to expect failure—treatment must not be delayed more than twelve hours. Of course, you can refer the matter to Scotland Yard, but I must warn you that you will not be in a position to take any interest in the subsequent proceedings. Now, I think, I will wish you good-night."

The Doctor opened the door invitingly.

Slatty's thoughts were chaotic and his movements mechanical as he lurched across the room and followed the Doctor to the street door.

(Continued on page xii)

# Ciro

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*Of all the aids to beauty, none takes precedence over pearls nor shares equality with them as ornaments of feminine loveliness.*



MRS. JOSEPH MACKLE

From the portrait by Frank O. Salisbury

Mrs. Joseph Mackle is well known for her untiring and effective work for deserving charities, and particularly for those whose quieter voices are apt to be overlooked in the louder clamour of the big appeals. Her husband is a very well-known figure in the world of motoring

#### The 4½-Litre Lagonda.

SCIENTISTS, like barmaids, tend naturally to curves, and I sometimes think that curves might usefully be employed by novelists when expressing the emotional experiences of their characters. The big love-scene, for instance, would be represented by a curve, in which lb. per sq. in. emotional pressure would be plotted against time in seconds, and we should have a terrifically thrilling curve sweeping up like the power curve of an internal combustion engine—and, after all, what is love but internal combustion? After I had completed my trial run with the 4½-litre Lagonda coupé, fitted with the new four-speed synchromesh gear-box, I realised that my appreciation of the car had increased in a graphical relationship to the mileage. When I first took the wheel and threaded my way through London traffic to make two calls in the City before heading for open country, I found the car imposing but, seemingly, weighty and rather stand-offish. I did not feel that I had gained its confidence or could spin it about amidst the taxis and omnibuses in the way most cars with good performance can be spun. But gradually it began to accept me, rather in the way one gets accepted by a *maitre d'hôtel*, and to respond more graciously to my driving demands. I learnt how to handle the gear-box, which had seemed at first to call for rather much physical effort, easily and lightly. I learnt not to be afraid of low revs. on the high ratios. I got accustomed to the steering and outlook. All the time the Lagonda was obtaining a stronger and stronger hold on my affections. And when I got out into the country and the engine revolutions soared, and sent us rushing up through second and third gears to top, with the big car sitting down to the road and pointing its radiator at the horizon as firmly as the

# PETROL VAPOUR

By JOHN OLIVER

engine cowl of a high-speed aeroplane, I knew that the Lagonda and I were going to enjoy ourselves. The very fact that the car had withheld its charms at first acquaintance later enhanced them. Nobody should begin to form an opinion of a Lagonda at anything less than 150 or 200 miles.

#### Specification.

Before we get down to performance points I must give a précis of the specification. The engine is a six-cylinder of 29.13 h.p., taxed at £22 10s. Its capacity is 4453 c.c., and it develops 140 brake-horse-power. The valves are worked by push-rods and rockers. There are four crankshaft bearings. Lubrication is by gear pump; ignition by twin, vertical-type magnetos with automatic advance and retard, supplemented by a hand control. Batteries are under the bonnet, behind the engine bulkhead. The front wings are firmly strutted across behind the radiator. This gear-box has the central change, with second, third and top ratios all fairly close. Synchromesh engagement is obtained on second, third and top. The final drive is through a spiral bevel. The petrol tank carries 20 gallons and has two of the extremely practical Lagonda-type

fillers, and fuel is conveyed to the carburettors by two electric pumps. Suspension is by semi-elliptic springs, controlled by hydraulic shock-absorbers with a hand riding control just under the wheel. The brakes are Girling, with a "press-on" hand-brake, and the steering—according to the makers—is by worm and lever. The car I tried is the four-seater drop-head coupé priced at £1150. It is a smart and comfortable body. The spare wheel is carried on one running board and a dummy spare-wheel cover on the other side houses the jack, the pump and the tools.

(Cont. on page 196)



THE COLCHESTER GARRISON BEAGLES' HUNT BALL

The Colchester Garrison Beagles held their Hunt Ball at the Officers' Club recently. All the soldiers and sportsmen of the district and their friends were there. Those in the picture are Mrs. Vivian Hill, Major Godfrey-Faussett, Mrs. Hambleton, Captain Chaworth-Musters, Mrs. Godfrey-Faussett, Mrs. Musters, and Major H. A. Hambleton



Ahery

#### A FINE WEEK-END'S FISHING ON THE WYE

These five fine fish were taken during the week-end on the Tycelyn waters of the Wye at Aberedw, Builth Wells, by Commander J. W. Farquhar, of H.M.S. "Osprey," now at Portland. He is a son of Admiral Sir Arthur Farquhar, of Dungrianach, Oban. The catch weighed just over a hundredweight

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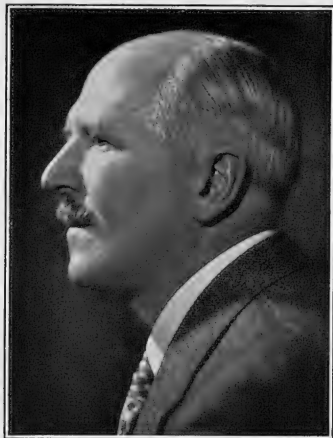
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Howard Coster

SIR STENSON COOKE, SECRETARY  
OF THE A.A.

His Excellency the Belgian Ambassador has conferred upon Sir Stenson Cooke, the famous Secretary of The Automobile Association, the decoration of an Officer of the Order of the Crown of Belgium in recognition of his work in promoting and assisting international touring. France, Austria and Hungary have already recognised Sir Stenson Cooke's services as Vice-President of the Alliance Internationale de Tourisme, an organisation representing nearly ten million tourists

eration is good, and third is a most valuable ratio and also a delightful one, for it puts 70 m.p.h. within easy reach and is equally convenient for drifting about in traffic.

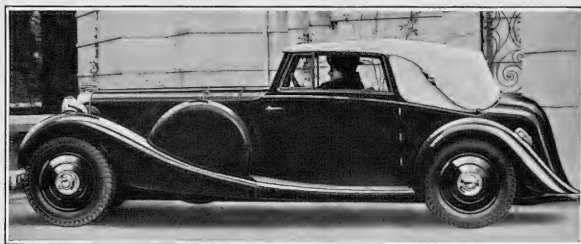
## Petrol Vapour—continued from p. 194

Provided everything is in good tune, starting a modern car rarely presents difficulties; but it is still exhilarating to find an engine which goes away at the first touch in the manner of this Lagonda. It did not matter what the engine temperature was. All that was necessary was to choose an appropriate setting of the mixture control and to touch the switch button. It is humorous to recall all the talk there used to be about the easier starting habits of engines with coil ignition and then to find the easiest starting engine of all to be fitted with magnetos! Actually, of course, most of that talk was disguised sales propaganda and had little to do with the relative merits of magneto and coil. The Lagonda clutch is sweet and —when you know the box —the gear changes are extraordinarily quick and easy. I did not take the car on the track; but on the short straight stretches of road it flew up to a speedometer 80 m.p.h., and at 90 m.p.h. there seemed to be plenty more in hand. Acceleration is good, and third is a most valuable ratio and also a delightful one, for it puts 70 m.p.h. within easy reach and is equally convenient for drifting about in traffic.

One more thing: That "press-on" hand brake. There used to be at least three British sports cars with this type of hand brake; but the only one I have met in the last three or four years is the Lagonda. My views have been forcibly set out here and elsewhere. The "press-on" hand brake, in which the pawl is engaged by the thumb knob and is held out by the spring, is the rational, convenient, safe hand brake. The more general kind is a confounded nuisance. It can occasionally jam on, and when used for starting on a steep hill it is always clumsy.

The Lagonda hand brake, on the other hand, is a delight to use in traffic and when starting on hills. But if I try to sum up my impressions of the 4½-litre, I must return to my earlier estimate. It is a car that grows on you. For the first fifty miles you may not like it (though you will always respect it), but thereafter you will get together more and more.

It was fortunate I only had the car for four days, for if I had had it longer I doubt if the company would have succeeded in getting it back. I was enjoying driving it more and more every mile.



THE LAGONDA 4½-LITRE D.H. COUPE 95-100 M.P.H. CAR

This car, about which everyone is talking, is unquestionably recognised by all admirers of the dual-purpose car as the most beautiful, powerful and practically designed car of its type. Our motoring correspondent has descanted most enthusiastically upon its excellences in his "Petrol Vapour" article

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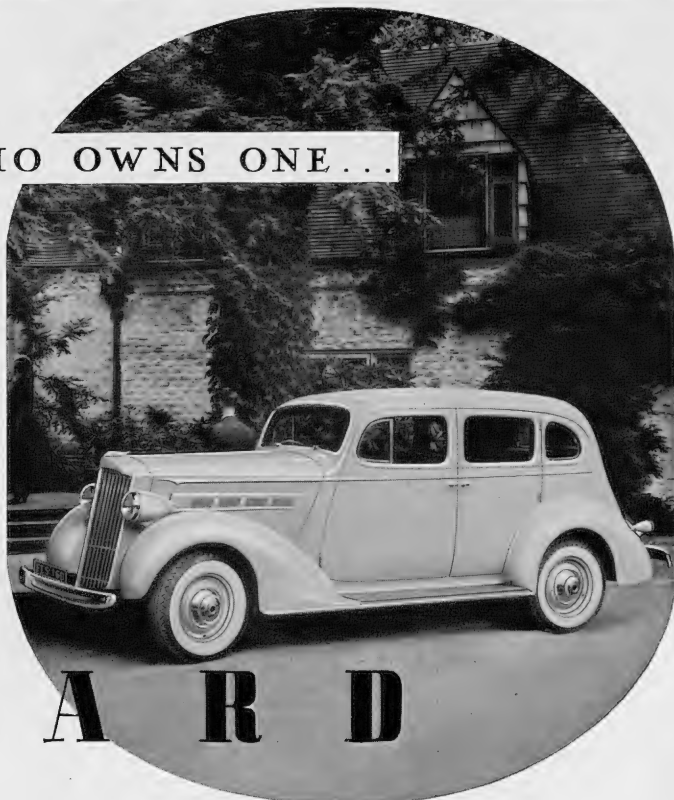
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# P A C K A R D



# This England . . .



"Old Harry"—near Swanage

IN little ships upon great waters Drake and his kind learnt their seamanship; and still do tiny English tramps go "*coastwise — cross-seas—round the world and back again*" in order that the tides of our business may flow smoothly. Tradition rules the Merchant Marine as in all things the English do well, even to the brewing of their beer. A tradition older than Drake indeed, governs the brewing of your Worthington, a beer favoured by merchant and mariner alike.





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*Stewart*

## Air Eddies—continued from p. 188

impossibly dangerous. If the air race is impossibly dangerous the air line would be dangerous.

\* \* \*

### Commercial Aviation.

Statistics issued by the Air Ministry show that Great Britain is not doing too badly in the matter of the numbers of aeroplanes engaged in civil flying. The total of 1,682 aeroplanes is still small; but, considering how attention is concentrated upon military aviation, it cannot be considered very bad. In all there are now nearly 700 civil aeroplanes privately owned in this country. The remainder are mostly owned by subsidised air line companies or subsidised flying clubs and schools. France has 2,146 civil aircraft, and the percentage registered under regular air transport companies is 9 per cent., the same as in Great Britain. Germany has 1,812 civil aircraft, 13 per cent. being registered under regular air transport companies. Italy has 433, a rather surprisingly low figure. The United States of America has 9,229 civil aircraft, and only 5 per cent. of them are registered under regular air transport companies. That is the sort of number we should aim for; but we can only hope to reach it if the ultra-light aeroplane makes headway. To this country the ultra-light aeroplane is indigenous. It is the right size for our fields and our distances. Recently I have heard of some interesting new ultra-light aeroplanes, and I shall hope to mention them in a future article after I have seen more of them.

### \* \* \* The Fleet Air Arm.

The *Ark Royal* aircraft carrier is a useful if belated addition to the Fleet Air Arm. Her complement of aeroplanes is given as 70. Most of the other British aircraft carriers are limited to 50 aeroplanes or fewer. One carries only 15. American carriers take much larger complements of aircraft without being larger ships. Why there is so much difference I have

not seen explained; but I imagine it has to do with storage methods. Our own Fleet Air Arm has discovered that unless very special means of securing them are adopted, aircraft can be damaged while in an aircraft carrier hangar below the flying deck by the movement of the ship in heavy weather.



AT COVENT GARDEN OPERA HOUSE

The Hon. Mrs. Gough, Lord Kinnaird, and the Earl and Countess of Mansfield (right) looking down from their box on the night M. Paul Dukas' *Ariane et Barbe Bleue* (our old friend Bluebeard) was given for the first time in England. Lord Kinnaird is Lord High Commissioner for the Church of Scotland this year and the Hon. Mrs. Gough will be a Lady-in-Waiting to her mother, Lady Kinnaird, when Their Excellencies go into residence at the Palace of Holyroodhouse

## Racing Ragout—continued from p. 184

Good but fatuous. It came down as solid as a wall all night, and it was a relief not having to attend Lingfield, which must have been terribly deep and holding. This meeting was equally unlucky last year, and those that had hard races in the going didn't produce much form afterwards. As it rained most of Friday as well, the going was even worse on Saturday, and trainers were foiled in their plan to give their Guineas horses a nice, easy race before Newmarket. Much as I love Foray I have a sort of feeling that over the gruelling mile at Newmarket, given equal fitness, Lord Derby's horse will beat him. When they met on the July course last year the sharp course finishing in the dip was all in Foray's favour. The Derby seems to have no pointers to the winner, and probably the Guineas won't show much.

# Haig in every Home



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**NO FINER WHISKY GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE**

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# THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

By M. E. BROOKE

FASHIONS that are passports to distinction and charm may be studied in the salons of Margaret Marks, 77, Knightsbridge. There are lovely Court gowns which cannot fail to enhance the graceful poise of the wearers. Some women are taking thought for modes for Ascot, garden parties and even Goodwood. It is for the Royal Enclosure that the Parisian model on this page has crossed the Channel. The fabricating medium is a wondrously beautiful printed chiffon relieved with narrow panels of lace to tone; the back and yoke of the corsage is of this lace and so are the sleeves and butterfly bow, the entire scheme being posed on oleander pink satin. Ballibuntal straw makes the shady hat with a crown of massed ostrich fronds and turned-up brim, on the apex of which is poised an amusing twist of lace to match the dress

1770-1937



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It has created for the Woman of Fashion during this period many famous Perfumes from the simple unsophisticated fragrances in vogue in the XVIII Century to the highly organised and artistically conceived perfumes in fashion to-day of which BOND STREET, the new Coronation Perfume, is the most brilliant and fascinating example.

The Toilet Table of the beautiful woman of to-day is vastly more richly furnished than ever before, and the Yardley Products include every necessity and luxury of the modern Toilet.

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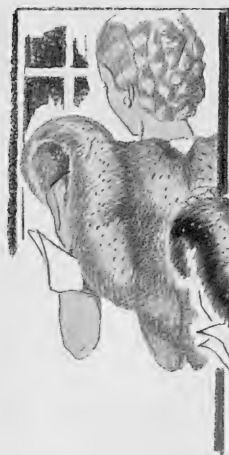
# Lady into fox

THE epitome of luxury is the white fox wrap below, though its innate loveliness must be seen to be appreciated: the "muffs" increase its charm, the paws forming a fastening. Any débutante would revel in the shoulder cape below it; silver fox has been used for its fashioning, and the cost is eighteen guineas. Of regal magnificence are the stranded fox capes, which envelop the figure to the knees; a strong point in their favour is that their weight is insignificant. Emphasis must be laid on the fact that there is an unrivalled collection of ermine capes and boleros, and mink, Persian lamb and other coats

"SIMPLE and luxurious" is a happy description of the fashions for this the Coronation year. Nowhere is this more noticeable than in the salons of Peter Robinson, Oxford Street, especially in the fur department on the first floor. White fox is dyed a new shade which is endowed with wondrously beautiful golden lights; its effect is particularly flattering

NEVERTHELESS, women are sure to be faithful to white and silver fox; the former, with Russian ermine, will appear at the really important functions. The originals of the illustrations on this page may be seen at Peter Robinson's. Two views are given of the silver fox cape above; as will be seen the shoulders have been inspired by those adopted by guardsmen. It must be mentioned that the cost is eighteen guineas, the skins being specially "picked"

TWO skins are present in the silver fox stole wrap on the left of the sketch; there is no possibility of its achieving for itself an unbecoming position, as it is caught with an effective strap device. Should the wearer prefer, it may be adjusted so that the heads appear in front, and of it one may become the possessor for twenty-nine guineas. An important feature of the white fox cape at the base of the page is the introduction of heads at the back





*A Hundred years ago* the men who had fought at Torres Vedras and Waterloo toasted the young Queen, just entering on her great reign, then drank to the honour of the Regiment whose symbol stood on the table before them. Taste in silver designing has changed through the century, but Mappin & Webb are still responsible for many of the lovely pieces that grace certain famous tables. Visitors to London should seize the opportunity to inspect one of the three showrooms and see the fine selection of articles whose beauty, value and workmanship have established a world-wide reputation.



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# NOW AND THEN

"Who'd have been a golfer in the 'good' old days?" (Overheard on the Fairway of Fashion)



SINCE the year 1893, when Lady Margaret Scott won the Ladies' Championship at St. Anne's-on-Sea, women's golf has undergone many changes, and none are more striking than those that have taken place in golf fashions. Just as women have created their own legislation for women's golf, conducting their own championships and tournaments, and, in many cases, even having their own golf courses, so have women progressed in the matter of dress for the links. Forty years ago women wore anything that was old, heavy and bulky to play golf, and it was not until comparatively a few years ago that specialised golf fashions were introduced. In place of the old heavy material costumes with their flowing skirts, women have adopted specially designed and well-made suits or dresses or skirts giving freedom of movement and worn with a variety of knitwear garments or serviceable shirts. Veiled hats secured with many hatpins have given place to berets or lightweight felts. For windy days there is a golf cap of double jersey fabric, fitting closely to the head and covering the ears. Instead of heavy petticoats and boned corsets underwear is now specially planned for sport. A belt of lastex yarn controls but does not constrict the figure, while a brassière designed for golfers has built-up shoulders to make the straps fit comfortably. Since unsuitable shoes will undermine anybody's play, Lillywhites have many models expressly designed for golf. The "ankle-strap" golf shoe in plain or reversed calf ensures a close, glove-like heel grip, and though light in weight gives excellent support. This has a flexible nailed sole; other models are soled in rubber

A FEW years ago trousers and trouser suits were introduced and have rapidly become accepted as practical for all golf occasions. Lillywhites, among the pioneers of specialised sports wear for women, introduced these trouser suits; a modern version is seen above. They are perfectly tailored in a variety of materials, including worsted and flannel for summer use, and waterproofed gaberdine and poplin for winter or rainy occasions. Above may also be seen a modern golfer in the very latest culotte or trouser skirt, a style that is much in favour owing to its freedom for walking and playing. With this she is wearing a new crepon golf shirt that can be obtained in a variety of colourings in both striped and self-coloured styles. For wet weather there are blouses of double-proofed poplin in many attractive shades, or the player can keep really warm in a suede jerkin, specially designed for a free swing, with sleeves and a centre-back insertion of ribbed wool. Knitted jumpers and cardigans are practical for spring and summer golf. One ribbed jacket of knop yarn has a scarf in a contrasting colour tucked into the neckline, or there are "twin sets" worked in a fancy knitting stitch

THE comparison between the old and the new is of great interest, and readers will be able to judge these enormous differences for themselves by visiting the new sister store to their Piccadilly Circus establishment that Lillywhites are opening on May 3 at 90-94, Brompton Road, Knightsbridge—almost immediately opposite the west exit of Knightsbridge Tube Station. Lillywhites at Knightsbridge will duplicate every department exactly as at Piccadilly Circus and offer the same expert service in every way. Golf, tennis, bathing and beach wear, clothes for cruising and all accessories and equipment will be shown. From Monday, May 3, to Friday, May 7, from 10-5 each day, there will be displayed at Knightsbridge old and new sports clothes for both men and women, and also old and new equipment, offering an opportunity for seeing the development in these things that will doubtless be welcomed, especially by the many Coronation visitors to London. Groups of mannequins in Victorian and modern fashions will be "on parade" showing the disadvantages of the older styles

# Les Trois Couleurs



THIS PERFUME HAS BEEN CREATED BY

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for the occasion of the crowning celebrations of Their Majesties the King and Queen. A strictly limited quantity of this presentation has been produced, and the printing plates have been destroyed. This perfume, as all other Coty specialities, has been created in the Coty laboratories at the Cité des Parfums, Suresnes, near Paris, France.

18/6



For spring and summer travel is the loose three-quarter-length coat above, which was designed and carried out by Studd and Millington, 51, Conduit Street. It is in soft fleecy Shetland and camel cloths, feather weight but delightfully warm, cut with a deep storm collar and practical sleeves

#### Suits for Town and Country.

THOUGH the changes are slight they are nevertheless distinctly shorter this year, fourteen inches from the girdle, squared but never exaggerated, gives a neat line, but naturally very becoming to the slight figure. They have a splendid collection of colours, checks and flecked patterns, and clever accessories. Their suits are guineas. If the costume is to be worn it should be pleated to allow for wear it may be slit at both ends. A suit in grey or beige, is good for a different occasions, as its worn with a blouse or scarf. The coats of the "swagger" type are excellent for the wear and can easily be slipped on over a blouse, unfortunately, just as necessary in summer as they are in winter in double- and single-breasted

## PLEASE

### Fashion and

#### Court and Coronation Gowns.

REALLY, Bradley's (Cherwell) may be likened unto the period. That women are demonstrated by the fact that they present each day. Perfect Majesties' Courts and the furs included capes and wraps other modish skins. A new feathers; they may have been so cleverly treated that they are an amusing rainy day suit with an umbrella of the Japanese reputation for tailor-mades occupied a very definite position. The true classics, the sports suit, travel, accompanied by capes, the figure, had a slimming effect overlooked. Printed dresses with long plain coats, open. The coatee blouse had been notes, while the colour scheme prevent a visit to these and informative catalogue with

#### Lip Service.

AN expressive mouth can make and fortunately the appearance altered very much by the colour. The mouth looks much wider if the very corners of the lips, which are reduced if the lipstick is applied gradually away at the sides. The skillfully applied. Michel lipstick chemists and stores of prestige do not smudge and cannot be given a fresh, deep colour to the lips, an even softer effect the lips, powdering. Few women colour alone. At least two are necessary while many women use different various dresses. There is a good lipsticks. One with a blue cast in shades of blue or purple, is flattering with yellow. Even with different tones, and the lipstick in summer, when her white



























































































































